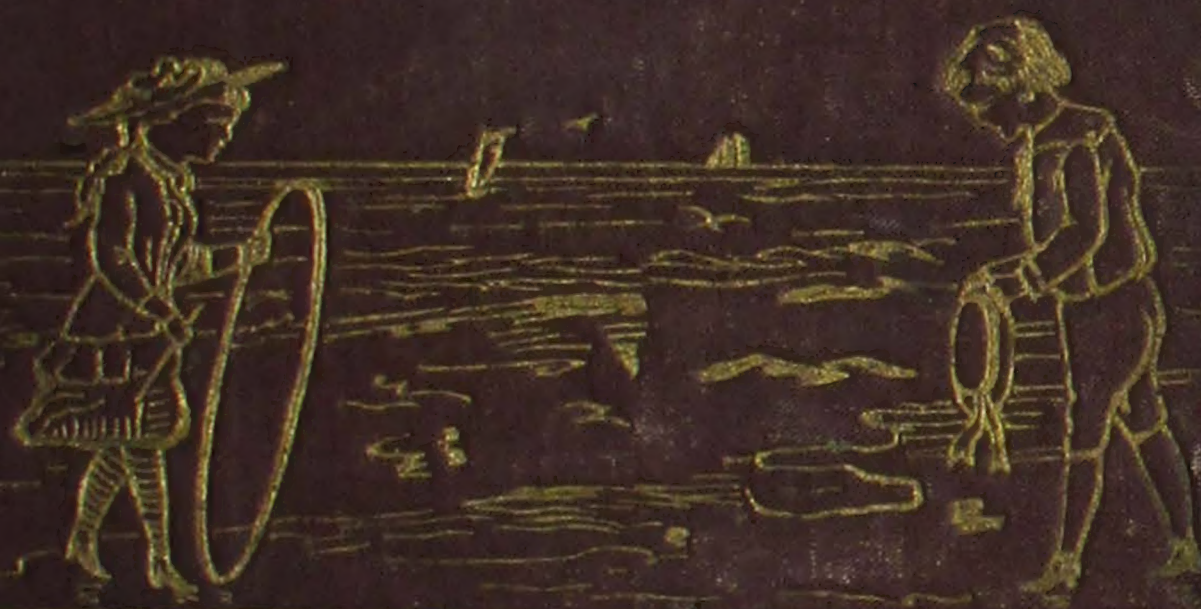


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BOB IS CALLED UPON TO MEET HIS DOOM.

BOB'S "BREAKING IN."

BY
ELEANOR PUTNAM.

(WITH OTHER STORIES BY FAVORITE AUTHORS.)



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1880.

BOB'S "BREAKING IN."

"**W**HY don't you write a story, Tom?" said Jim.

"Can't," said I; "never did such a thing in my life."

You see the beginning of it all was Jim's coming home for a three months' leave. Jim's in the navy and just home from Japan. So he came to see us, and so I broke my leg. When we came home from school we had planned no end of larks for the vacation, what with the Christmas tree and sleighing and skating and coasting, and making candy over to Aunt Lewes', and going into Boston to Pinafore and having Charlotte-russe at Parker's, and all the rest.

So the first thing I did the very night after we got home, was to fall through a bad place in the stable

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floor and break my leg, and Will said it was lucky it wasn't one of the horses. Of course that finished my fun, for I could not go anywhere with the rest, but just had to lie there with my leg in splints ; and though of course I had my presents just the same, I was mad all the vacation.

It wasn't any great fun, you'd better believe, to lie on a lounge and stick in the house and see Will going everywhere and having no end of jolly times every day.

Then when the Saturday came for him to go back to Dr. Thomas's and leave me behind, and I thought of seeing all the fellows and hearing what they had for presents and all that, I concluded that if I'd been well I'd have been glad for once in my life even to go back to school. It wasn't that I didn't have enough done for me either, for mother and Jennie, the cook, almost cured me of ever liking cream cakes and jam again, by the heaps of it they gave me. Nell made me more neckties than I can wear in ten years, and played backgammon by the hour. Father brought me a new book from the city nearly every night, and Jim told me more stories — "yarns" he called them — and he and I made the most complete man-of-war that ever was seen in these parts. So you can see that I was not neglected, but I tell you there's nothing like being well and having two whole

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legs to stand on. I'd got pretty tired of reading and jig-sawing and painting, and one afternoon I'd been telling them about the time we broke Bob Richards in at school, and says Jim :

"Tom, old fellow," says he, "why don't you write a story. Write it all out, and send it for publication ; you never know what you can do till you try," says he.

I thought I couldn't at first, but the next day Jim had to drive over to Medford, and Nell had to go too to match mother's gray dress and get some red ribbons for the dog. They both went off, and mother had a caller down stairs, so I was left all alone, and that's how I came to write about it anyway.

You see our fellows have always had a fashion of giving the new boys a "breaking in." The thing began by just doubling up the bed clothes, or sewing up the fellow's sleeves, and then they got to ducking them and scaring them with ghosts, and when at last they pumped on little Fred Harris and frightened him into brain fever, Dr. Thomas forbade anything more of the sort.

Now when Dr. Thomas says anything he has a way of meaning it, so we fellows were surprised enough when one day Jeff Ryder came into the gym where we were having a circus, and said : "I tell you what

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let's do ! Let's give Bob Richards a regular breaking in ! ”

“Yes I would, Jeff,” said Harry Thorndike, in the odd, quiet way he had with him. Harry Thorndike was our head boy, and entered Harvard last summer. “Yes, I would,” says he, “and get sent home for a month ; it would be no end of fun. I would.”

Of course we boys all looked at Jeff when Harry spoke in that way, to see if he didn't feel cheap, but he didn't, a bit.

“I'll take all the blame,” says he, “and I'll risk being sent home.”

So then he told us all about his plan, and we thought it was a jolly good one too.

Bob Richards was a new fellow ; only been there four weeks ; and when he first came we thought he was a regular moon-calf. He was rather small of his age and had a kind of pinched, half-starved look, as if he'd never had a good square meal from soup clear through to pudding in his life. He was homesick and lonesome too, and we got into the way of calling him “baby ” and “sissy,” but he never seemed to mind a bit, but would always help a fellow with his lessons just the same, and was first-class in any game.

One day Ralph Bixby, the bully of the school, said something about Richard's mother, and I just wish

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you could have seen that little fellow fire up.

"You say what you like about me," says he, "but don't you say anything about my mother; it won't be best for you, Bixby."

"Do you want to fight?" says Bixby, bristling up like a turkey cock.

"It is not fighting I am after," says Richards, very quietly, "but I can fight if there is need of it."

But Bixby said he wouldn't fight with an under-class man, and then went off and told Dr. Thomas that little Richards had been offering to fight. We all liked little Richards, for he was clear grit right through and no mistake. So when Jeff told us his plan we all agreed to it and there weren't more than half a dozen of us fellows that knew about it, and we didn't have to go and tell everyone about it either, as girls would.

At last the term was ended, and we were going home next day; that is, all we fellows who had any homes to go to, or any invitations to visit. But Bob Richards, he didn't have any place to go because his mother was poor and lived way down in Machias, and it was too far away. So most boys would have been ugly about it and envious of the other boys, but Richards wasn't a bit. Will and I were though, one winter **when** all our people were away in Germany, and

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we had to stay at the school or else go to Aunt Jocelyn's. We don't like very well to go to Aunt Jocelyn's, for she always has cold meat and rice pudding without any plums, and says that she likes to see boys sober and useful. She gave Will and me dictionaries for Christmas presents. So we'd rather go most anywhere than to Aunt Jocelyn's. But we were mad though to think we had to stay at the school; and Will told one of the fellows that he'd punch him if he didn't stop looking so glad.

Little Richards you would have thought was going himself, he looked so glad and happy, and rushed about up and down stairs into all the rooms, helping the fellows pack and cord their trunks, strap up their valises, and directing cards for their boxes, and you'd have thought he was going himself sure enough.

"Don't you wish you were going home, Richards?" said Ned Smith. He is one of those fellows who are always saying things they ought not to, though not meaning to be hateful. He'd do no end of things for a fellow who was sick, and then like as not tell him something that would make him sicker than ever. So he couldn't think of anything better to say than to ask little Richards if he didn't wish he was going home.

"Why, yes," said Bob, in the bright, quick way he

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had with him ; " why, yes, of course I wish I was going home, but if I can't I can't, so there's an end to it. Besides I'm going home next summer ; it'll only be twenty-five weeks."

Just to think of his speaking of it in that chipper way, as if he'd said twenty-five minutes instead of weeks.

The packing was all done after a while, and we were ready for an early start next morning. We had eaten our last supper, beef-steak and fried potatoes — we always have a sort of extra good supper the last night of the term. Then after supper we had a good time in Mrs. Thomas' own room, with her two babies and her cousin who played the piano for us, and by ten o'clock we were all in our rooms and the house got still.

It was eleven o'clock when we heard three mews and a scratch like a cat, which was Jeff Ryder's signal ; he could have opened the door and come in just as well, but he was always very fond of giving all kinds of signs.

We opened the door and there were Hal Thorndike and the two Everett boys and Jeff. Will and I had a room alone. We came out and joined them and went up-stairs trying to keep still, though Will would giggle, and he and Jeff had a scuffle on the landing

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about which should go in and get Bob out of bed.

At last Harry Thorndike settled it by telling them both to go. They had masks that Jeff and I made of black cloth with holes cut through for the eyes and mouth.

So they went in and waked up Bob, and said in a horrid, scarey sort of way, "Unhappy mortal! prepare to suffer your doom! Arise and proceed to the hall of judgment!"

He wasn't more than half awake, but he was clear pluck, and he came out shivering with cold and with a blanket round his shoulders.

The boys had blindfolded him, and they led him round and round till he was pretty well mixed up, and then they took him to the Hall of Judgment, which was Harry Thorndike's room.

The two younger boys staid with him while we older ones fell to work like beavers in Bob's room.

We had a hard time though you'd better believe, trying to keep quiet, for the fellows would forget every now and then and speak or laugh out loud. We had Archibald, the school janitor, up to help us, and we made quick work of what we had to do I can tell you.

To begin with, his room was just the forlornest place that ever you saw, and no mistake! We fur-

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nish our own rooms at Dr. Thomas', and we always try to fix them up rather gorgeous. Our mothers and sisters are always sending us gimcracks to make our dens kind of gay. Then if fellows happen to have any girl friends you know, they are always sending them tidies and such trash for philopene presents, and though we don't much care to have the things round under feet, somehow if one fellow has them, all the rest wants them too.

But I just wish you could have seen little Richards' room! the barest, coldest place! There was no carpet, only a common sort of rug before the little old stove, that was so wheezy and full of cracks that it would not do much but smoke anyway. There was a bedstead, and his study table with his books on it. There was a picture of his mother, and one of his sister — rather pretty she was too, with smiling eyes like Richards', and soft hair in little rings about her forehead and face. Thorndike said that she would be very pretty when she was older — say seventeen. Mrs. Thomas' cousin is sixteen and a half. Bob had put a little wreath of some kind round the two pictures. There was a plant too on the table. He brought it in his hand all the way from Machias, with a brown paper bag over the top of it, and now it was just ready to bloom.

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The first thing we did was to bring in a big warm carpet all made and fitted to the room, and we spread it down, but didn't nail it because of the noise and because we thought he'd like to do it himself. Then we covered the old table and mantle with jolly, bright cloths. We never could have picked them out in the world if it hadn't been for Mrs. Thomas' cousin, the one who played on the piano for us. She is rather nice for a girl, and sometimes wears little gold horse-shoes in her ears. Jeff Ryder is going to marry her when he is twenty-one, but nobody knows it yet, not even she. Jeff only told me one night when I had a sore throat and he slept with me. So she helped us pick out the things, and gave us a tidy, and a pin-cushion the size of a bean bag. Then we moved in a first-class stove, and Archibald set her up and built a rouser of a fire in her. We put a pair of new blankets on the bed, and Jeff Ryder brought out a student's lamp—one of the double headers; the two Belknap boys—that means Will and me—gave a big easy chair to go beside the table; then the Everett boys gave a set of book shelves; and Dr. Thomas gave a box of books, as many as a dozen I should think. We left these in the box, for Will and I always think that half the fun of having presents is opening the bundles ourselves. Harry Thorndike

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gave the stove and a little clock from his own room. We put the pin-cushion on the bureau, and the tidy on the chair, and while we were standing there looking at it all, there came the very softest kind of a step outside and there was the Doctor's wife. She had a picture in her arms, one that I had seen a good many times in her own sitting-room. It was quite a large picture of a woman with a sort of hood on her hair and a baby in her arms ; both the woman and the baby had a kind of shiny hoop just above their heads in the air, looking as if in a minute they'd drop down and make crowns. Will told me once that he thought it was a picture of Mrs. Thomas and the baby, but I think not, though there was the same kind of look too on both their faces.

"Hang this up, boys," she said ; "he is very fond of it, and I have had it for a good many years. I've babies of my own now to look at, so we will give this to Bob. Let us hang it over the mantle-piece."

There is something rather queer about the Doctor's wife. It isn't that she isn't pretty, for she is ; and it isn't that she is odd or old, for she is younger a good deal than the Doctor, and as kind and jolly as a girl ; but there is something queer about her, for I don't know how many fellows have said she seemed just like their mothers ; and what I want to know is

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how in creation can she look and seem like the mothers of so many boys — dark and light, and homely and handsome, English, German, American, and even one colored fellow said she made him think of his "mammy." I think it must be a kind of motherish way which she has, that makes us all feel so about her.

She gave the picture to Hal Thorndike and he hung it up, and I tell you the room did look just immense.

Then we went down stairs and brought Bob up again, and sat him down in his new chair, and told him not to take off his blinder till he'd counted three hundred, and then we all ran down into Will's and my room to wait and see what he would do. We rather expected to hear him shout, or tear round, or do something or other; but we counted three hundred two or three times over, and not a sound came from his room.

By and by Jeff said he was going up to see what the row was — which was only his way of speaking, for you couldn't call it a row, could you, when there wasn't a sound to be heard!

Jeff didn't come back, and then Will said he'd go and see where Jeff was, so Hal said it was like Clever Alice and her cheeses that she sent rolling down hill

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after each other ; but at last the two boys came back, not grinning at all, but solemn and long-faced enough.

"I guess he's mad," said Jeff ; "anyhow he can't be glad, for he's howling !" which was another of Jeff's ways of speaking ; for Bob certainly was not howling.

"I don't see what he wants to act that way for," said Will. "I bet I wouldn't if I had so many things given to me at once !"

"You can't always tell," said Hal. "It isn't always a sign a fellow is mad if he howls. I howled like a good one when my father came home from sea, when I was a little fellow, a good many years ago."

"Let's go up and see what's the matter with him," said I.

"Let's go to bed !" said Harry. "Don't one of you young rats go near his room to-night, or I'll report you to the Doctor !"

We all laughed, for of course we knew he'd never report us ; he isn't that kind ; but we minded what Hal said all the same, as everybody has a way of doing, and we didn't hear a sound more till morning, and the gong waked us up.

And then there was Archibald at the door to help with the trunks and boxes, and the lamps were lighted in the dining-room, and there were fritters and

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syrup for breakfast, but they were too hot to eat. Then there was Jeff Ryder with a present for the Doctor's wife's cousin — some candy in a jolly, silver box, lined with blue silk (Jeff will spend all his quarter's money on one thing), and there in a dark corner of the stairs was the cousin herself, with a little pink sack on, crying about something, and Harry Thorndike was leaning on the balusters saying, as I came along, "Why Anette, child, it's only for two weeks anyhow! Come, don't send me off this way; can't you wish me a merry Christmas?"

Then they shouted that the big sleigh was ready, and I thought we were going to get off without having to see Bob at all.

So I rushed out through the hall and down the slippery steps, but there was Bob before me, very white in the face, and with his eyes looking more than ever like his sister's.

I tell you we fellows felt awful cheap; a sight cheaper than Bob did himself. Jeff Ryder whispered to me that he was going to bolt, but it was no go. Bob stepped right in front of us.

"Boys," said he; "boys, you must let me — if I only could tell you — if you only knew —" and just then Hal Thorndike came along (the cousin had



HURRAH FOR HOME AND CHRISTMAS !

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run away up-stairs) and set things right as he has a way of doing.

"All right, youngster," he said; "we know just what you want to say — no one who looked at you could accuse you of being ungrateful. Let up now, old fellow, don't say a word more, but go up to my room and see if I left my watch-key on the bureau."

Bob ran off, and Harry said, "now cut for it, fellows!" says he; "hip, vamoose, get, pile into the sleigh, or he'll be back again, thanking you worse than ever!"

So in we jumped, the whip cracked, the bells jingled, and we gave three cheers for the Doctor, and three more for his wife, and then we dashed away.

Of course, little Richards wrote to us, but a letter isn't half so bad as to have a fellow brace right up and thank you before your face and eyes. So we got out of it pretty well after all, didn't we?

And this is all there is about "Bob's 'Breaking In,'" and not much of a story either to write all out and send to a publisher. But you see Jim told me to, and it was lonesome with Jim and Nell and mother gone, and only the cat for company the whole afternoon

AN UNINVITED GUEST.

WHEN Col. Frank Johnson and his two sons settled on the banks of Pleasant Creek and commenced sawing lumber with the newly invented gang-saw, it was a perfect wilderness. Their hut of logs was erected on a slight hill overlooking the stream on which their rough mill was situated, and these two structures were fully ten miles from any habitation. One who looks to-day upon the pretty little town of Johnsonville can hardly realize that its origin was of so recent a date.

Great trees wooded the banks of the creek, through which a path had been cut from the house to the mill, the track of which to-day bears the name, "*Tom's Avenue*," so called by the old man in admiration of his son Thomas, who was the hero of the story I am now telling.

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The mill was in constant operation, night and day, with one or the other of the three, and sometimes two of them, to watch the process of sawing; all of them being required when the sawing of one log was completed to put in another. When two had the watch by night, one would lie down under blankets brought from the house, to be called when wanted by the other. In summer it was a luxury to break off the spruce boughs and make a bed of them, and the boys, who were sixteen and eighteen years old, enjoyed this wild life very much.

Their mother being dead, they had to do their own cooking and mending, and were very handy house-keepers. They were handy also with the gun and fishing rod, and the woods were full of deer and other game, and the creek with fish. They lived like princes on what they procured in this way. It was fun for them to range the woods and fish in the stream, and they would take turns to watch the saw while one went hunting, or, at times, they would both go together, leaving their father at the mill.

One day they went further into the forest than usual in search of game, when they were startled by the breaking of branches, and a huge bear came out of a little opening and stood on his hind legs before them, looking very inquiringly as to what their errand was.

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They did not stop to tell him, but scampered off as fast as possible, without letting the grass grow under their feet. When they found that the bear was not following them, Dick, the older, expressed himself very sorry that he had not fired at the brute, but Tom thought they had done better to retreat; saying, that while bear venison was very good upon a table, it didn't seem so attractive to him in its raw condition. This was the first bear they had seen, but their father told them there was a *bare* possibility of their seeing more sometime.

They were rather on the lookout for bears after this fearing lest some trouble might be *bruin*; but they kept away, and soon the boys thought nothing about them. And they went on pretty much as they had done, sawing out lots of lumber, which purchasers from below made rafts of and run down the creek to its junction with the great river. The saw employed was, as I have said, the new gang-saw, which made a whole log into boards at one time. When the saw was running, some portion of the machinery was applied to drawing the log through as fast as it was sawed.

One night the saw had commenced busily running through a large log, with Tom on the watch. Dick had lain down under his blankets, and their father

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was at the house awaiting a summons to help "jerk a new log." It was very still outside, and the ruddy light from pitch faggots, that burned on a great stone, shone through the open sides of the mill and lighted up the forest all around. It was a weary watch for 'Tom, though he had become accustomed to it, and he beat his feet upon the floor and warmed himself at the fire when he felt cold until eleven o'clock had arrived, as he judged by the stars. Dick was to be awakened at midnight, and his father was to be called soon after, so to keep up his spirits he took the lunch he had brought to the mill, which was placed in a side nook, and, seating himself on the log which was slowly being sawed, he spread his repast out and began to eat it.

He had scarcely made way with one mouthful, when he heard a sound which caused him to suspend the second one, and wait with open mouth, eyes and ears, to have the sound repeated. He could not make out the nature of it or where it came from. It seemed a sort of growl or snort, and amidst the noise the saw was making, it was not possible to determine its character. It might have been Dick snoring as he lay hidden by the blankets, so he stopped eating and listened. Very soon the sound was repeated, nearer and louder than before, and this time leaving Tom in

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no doubt regarding it. He looked in the direction from whence the noise came, and there, showing plainly in the light which flashed out upon him, was a huge black bear, his eyes glowing, and showing an evident intention of coming in without an invitation.

Tom did not long hesitate what to do. His descent from the log was a remarkably speedy movement, and forgetting his brother Dick, who lay in blessed unconsciousness, he darted for the opening the opposite of that by which the bear was entering, expecting a vigorous race. A few moments after, as he ran, he thought of Dick, and without considering his own weakness in the event of an encounter with the enemy, he turned back. The bear had either not commenced the pursuit, or had given it up, and Tom feared that he might have found poor Dick and be even then making a meal of him. Returning toward the mill, and keeping behind the trees as he went, he at last got to a place where he could see the whole interior and there, to his astonishment, was the bear seated on the log making free with his supper, while Dick lay still snoozing undisturbed.

The bear rather prolonged his meal, as if he relished it, while the log was travelling toward the saw. The animal's face was turned from it, and, as he finished the last crumb, he swayed his body from side to side



IN HAPPY UNCONSCIOUSNESS.

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with a show of satisfaction, and arose upon his hind legs as if he were about to dance. At that moment the saw struck him from behind, whereupon he turned with a howl of pain which brought Dick to his feet, and, throwing his arms about the traversing saw, in a moment he was dead, his blood smearing the log on which he lay.

Tom rushed in just as Dick rushed out. They met furiously in the doorway, each throwing the other down, and each cried out "Help !" as loud as he could. Their father heard the sound at the house, and in a moment they heard his feet in the lane. He reached them almost as soon as they had recovered their feet.

"Well, boys, what's the matter?" said he.

"Matter !" cried Tom, "just look in there ! I've sawed a big brute of a bear all up into venison *stakes* !"

Mr. Johnson and his boys hurried in—and there was the monster most happily cut up for use ; and the old man complimented his boy on the neatness of his execution, which would bear admiring scrutiny as a work of art ; indeed, a better he never saw.

Such is the story that was told to me while sojourning in the village of Johnsonville, and Esquire Johnson, now president of the bank, and last year repre-

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sentative of the General Court, was pointed out to me as the identical Tom who served up the bear. Dick was running a woolen mill up in New Hampshire, a prosperous and worthy citizen.

NOTE BY THE AUTHOR. The foregoing sketch may be relied on, because I have seen the ruins of the old mill where the main transaction is supposed to have occurred; similar in logic to Mark Twain's testimony regarding the residence of Mary of Magdala — he knew the Scriptural account of it was true, because the house was right there before his eyes. I am informed by the Editor of *THE WIDE AWAKE* that an account of a similar circumstance among the "first settlers" was published long ago. I never saw it, but if it was, it but corroborates the possibility of this of mine, with this difference—that, happening at so very early a day, was before gang-saws were known, and therefore the bear was simply sawn in two; whereas, in my story the superior genius is shown in sawing the bear into venison "stakes" by means of the newer invention.

HOW AMY VISITED THE SCHOOL.

AMY was in the primary school, and she didn't like it. In fact, to use Amy's own expression, she "hated it superbly." You may not exactly understand this expression. No more would Amy, if called upon to give a definition. She had probably heard some grown-up person talk about disliking something supremely.

To tell the truth, this little primary school-girl called Amy Brink for short, but whose real name was Amelia Brinkerhoff, was forever picking up words and phrases that other people dropped, and using them as if she knew their meaning. Her teacher called her "precocious," too bright, too forward for her years. Amy heard it and repeated it as "ferocious," and feeling sure that it was some sort of a compliment, was as well satisfied with that word as any other.

How Amy Visited The School.

How this little primary school-girl did long to wear trains, and kid gloves, and do up her hair in a French twist — the short, fluffy, golden hair that stood out all over her dear little head — and to go to the grammar school with the large girls, to study “physiology,” whatever that was.

Little Amy had some reasons for dissatisfaction with the present state of her affairs. She did not get along very well with her lessons. She was not fond of her little, brown spelling-book, or the little green reader. All her “contention,” as she called it, was given to the large girls who came to visit the school. They had been primaries too, only a year before ; now they sat on the platform with the teacher, “just like the remittee men,” and were very “substantial and eminent,” her way of disposing of “satisfied” and “elegant.” Poor little Amy Brink ! She found it such hard work to wait for the years to go by and bring the time when she could get out of her little yellow chair, with its book-rack, into a seat before a real desk with a lid to lift up, and a glass inkstand.

One day, a sudden idea entered little Amy's troubled, golden head. *Why couldn't she visit the school like the other girls ?* On one occasion she had rushed into her mother's presence, and quite out of

How Amy Visited The School.

breath with delight had informed her that she had just been "remoted." Mrs. Brinkerhoff knew that her little daughter meant to say that she had been promoted, but was unable to understand how that could be, as she had only entered the new class a week before.

"My dear," said she, "you mean that you have been promoted, but I think you must be mistaken."

"No, mamma," said Amy with great earnestness, "I'm not mrstaken" — "mrs." was grander than "miss" to the little girl, who used it with an emphasis which made her mother laugh, as she corrected her — "I am not mrstaken, and I guess a little girl can be remoted backwards, can't she?" And then Mrs. Brinkerhoff understood that Amy had been put back into her old class.

Now the small, golden head had conceived an idea which, carried out, would certainly result in the best kind of "remotion," or at least, so it seemed to Amy. She kept her secret, however, and one day, when mamma was away shopping, the little girl went home to luncheon in the noon recess, and put her idea into execution. The servants were busy, and Amy had everything her own way.

"I don't think much of your lunch, Ann," she remarked with all the dignity of a very dignified woman,

How Amy Visited The School.

while she looked very cunning and comical as she slipped out of her high chair ; “ those eggs were not boiled deficiently ” — she meant, of course, sufficiently — “ and the rolls are very dissolutely tasteful.” It is fair to suppose that she meant “ absolutely tasteless,” an expression which had once struck her as remarkably fine when she heard her father apply it to a pudding which had not been salted.

With this parting remark to Ann, and with a face of the greatest gravity, Amy walked slowly from the room, and as soon as she was out of sight, hurried as fast as her little feet could carry her to her mamma’s room. Then she locked the doors and went to work with a will, and she had a good deal in her little, plump, dimpled body.

You ought to have seen her ! Closets, bureau-drawers, bandboxes and jewel-boxes were ransacked, and then the little lady proceeded to array herself. The first thing she did was to coax that short, shining hair into as much of a twist as possible, though the ends would stick out, in the most “ aggregated ” manner, and the hairpins all seemed to consider it an excellent joke. Her mother’s cashmere skirt, with two rows of kilt plaiting around the bottom, and a loop to hold it up by, was the next thing to which she gave her mind. She always “ demired ” kilts, they

How Amy Visited The School.

were so "automatic" as she called aristocratic — and she remembered hearing some one say that cashmere was more becoming than silk, because it clung to the figure and had a more graceful droop. A "graceful droop" had been one of Amy's strongest desires ever after. Now, she would "droop" to her heart's content. The skirt was pretty long, and heavy, but Amy was sure she could get along with a little management, though she called it "banishment," and thought it meant the same thing. The dolman troubled her a good deal. If she had felt sure which was top and which was bottom, she would have been more at ease in her mind, but its queer shape and its mass of lace and fringe was quite bewildering. She hesitated between that and a scarlet shawl, with a longing desire for the "real camel's hair one" her mother had worn herself, and as she expressed it, "couldn't reside which of the two raiments was the most stylish and dutible." But the dolman was finally selected, and put on upside down, with the most enormous quantity of material lapping over the front. This last difficulty was remedied, however, by the folds being gathered up by a big Scotch pebble breastpin, and somewhat concealed by the heavy chain and locket which she disposed around her neck. The French twist was not quite

How Amy Visited The School.

big enough to pin the hat to, the lace strings were "very bothersome," and the feather tickled her neck ; but the hat, as a whole, pleased her very well.

"Now," thought Amy, standing on a hassock the better to survey herself in the mirror, and particularly struck by the grand appearance of the locket, "that is just as becoming as mamma's real gold watch and gratelaine !" Such a funny looking little girl — that dear, dimpling Amy Brink, her eyes shining with satisfaction, as she looked at herself in the big glass !

But the time was slipping by, and she was obliged to hurry in her choice of gloves, selecting at last a pair of lavender ones, with four buttons, though she privately thought in her difficulty in fastening them, that one was "a great plenty." They did wrinkle too, as she thought kid gloves could never wrinkle in this world. But there was no time left in which to grieve over this last matter, though it really distressed her a good deal, so seizing a big Russia leather fan, and her mother's gilt scent-bottle, which hung from her finger by a little chain, she "resided" that she was all ready for her afternoon's enjoyment.

The skirt was not easy to carry along, "it was so sort of wobbly and aggregating," but the thought of the kilt plaiting, and the droop helped her a good



AMY AT LAST ACHIEVES DIGNITY.

How Amy Visited The School.

deal. The fringe of the dolman was "just awful fussy," and in her trouble with it, she forgot the skirt, and the droop got very muddy indeed a good ways up the back. Before she reached the end of the block, she had dropped the fan and broken it. She felt that things were fast growing more "aggregated" than ever, and remarked to her small self, as if trying to derive some comfort from the long words, that "circumstances were very miscellaneous," as they usually are.

It was a droll little visitor that climbed up to the platform and settled herself in one of the big chairs. After a few pulls at the skirt it was satisfactorily arranged, so as to show the "automatic" kilts to the best advantage. The dear child saw nothing of the mud on the back. If she had, it would have distressed her very much more than it does some "real grown-up" ladies, who think they are nicer and wiser than Amy. It was a warm afternoon, and she had walked fast, therefore the broken fan had to do duty, though it was pretty hard work for the fan and the dressed-up little girl. It quite troubled her, too, the necessary display of the wrinkly gloves, and "were all real kid gloves so sticky?" she wondered.

So with a rather worn look upon her chubby face, and sitting as tall, and straight as possible, she

How Amy Visited The School.

waited for the teacher. The scholars came in, singly and in groups, the boys flinging their caps at each other, the girls, "with a hop, skip, and a jump," until, catching sight of Amy, they each stopped, looked, looked harder, and then laughed outright. Poor Amy looked back again, very gravely and sternly. What did it mean? They never laughed at other visitors, and she was ever so much more dressed-up than the most of them. She fanned herself harder than ever, and wished the teacher would come. Then it would be all right, though what was wrong she hadn't the least idea. It couldn't be the kilt plaiting at any rate; but she began to wish she had worn the red shawl instead of that fussy dolman. Her face grew hot as a big boy passed her, stopped looked — oh, dear, what *were* they all looking at? — and said, "I guess we think we're just some, don't we?"

She didn't know what he meant, though the words were all short, but it made her very uncomfortable. She was so glad to see in the doorway the pleasant face of her teacher, that she actually gave a little cry of delight, and a moment after was quite at her ease again.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Alpha; I've come to visit the school." Here she used the scent-bottle as

How Amy Visited The School.

gracefully as she knew how, and really did it very well. "I am innocented in the course of education," she added, having heard one of the "remittee" men make that remark, or at least something that sounded like it.

"Why, Amy!" said Miss Alpha, with an amused smile growing around her mouth—but she took the little wrinkled hand and shook it cordially, guessing at once the reason of this funny masquerading.

"You are very welcome, my dear; and I hope you will have a nice time."

And then Miss Alpha rang the bell to call the school to order. It was not easily done, for the scholars were all giggling and chuckling and whispering together. Amy was sure there must have been some great fun out of doors, and almost wished she had postponed her visit to the school so that she might have enjoyed her share of it.

Miss Alpha waited a minute, and then said, "Now children, as I have company this afternoon, I want you to be very quiet and get through your lessons as quickly as possible. Afterwards I will see what I can do to entertain you all." Wonderful Miss Alpha! There was something in her voice and face that *made* them quiet, and turned their gaze from Amy to their books and slates. In three minutes

How Amy Visited The School.

they were all at work. Then Miss Alpha, turning to the little girl, said in the most matter-of-fact way, "You must enter your name in the visitor's book if you please, my dear."

Little Amy drew off her glove—it was very easily done—and with a sense of great importance, took the pen which Miss Alpha offered. She could print all the alphabet, and make a very respectable b-o-y, c-a-t, and r-a-t; but the g-i-r-l always appeared to have the rheumatism, and her h-o-u-s-e was a very tumble-down affair indeed. But this enormous book on the teacher's desk filled with various styles of "real writing"—another one of Amy's ambitions—this was quite a different thing from her slate and pencil performances. She looked with dismay at the page before her. Did visitors always *have* to do it? Then surely it was not such a nice thing to be a visitor as she had imagined. How she did long just then to be in her little yellow chair again, down with the scholars who looked very comfortable and happy. But kind Miss Alpha came to her help in a few minutes, as she had intended to all the time. "I'll write your name myself," she said cheerily, "it does not make much difference," and to Amy's delight she saw herself inscribed as, "Miss Amelia Brinkerhoff" in the book with the "remittee men."

How Amy Visited The School.

"Would you like to hear this lesson, Amy?" Miss Alpha said briskly, handing her a book. Now this was a privilege she had always specially coveted -- to sit on the platform and give out the words, instead of in the class and missing them, as poor Amy generally did—that would be delightful indeed! But she was ready to cry when she saw the long words which she could not pronounce. Really, life — at any rate a visitor's life — had terrible responsibilities! She had never known it before. The tears were all ready to fall from the big blue eyes, when the teacher said, "I think perhaps I had better hear them, as I can hurry them up," and with a swift little kiss on the child's forehead, she took the book from her, and called up the class.

Then when the lessons were all finished, the scholars had *such* a good time — for Miss Alpha always kept her promises. She played a wonderful tune on the piano, and the children marched, sang, and clapped their hands to the music till little Amy was quite beside herself with delight, and called out loud, though she thought she was speaking to herself, "Oh, dear, I just wish I could do it too!" Miss Alpha smiled back at her — nobody else had heard her, they were making so much noise. "Not to-day, dear; visitors never do, you know."

How Amy Visited The School.

When school was out, and the children were running and shouting on the play-ground, Miss Alpha took Amy on her lap and kissed her heartily. "I hope you have had a pleasant time this afternoon," she said.

"Yes'm," said the little visitor, gravely, "but — these clothes are very plaguesome, and I did want to march, too! I guess I'll wait till I'm bigger next time."

"I would, dear, if I were you. Grown folks don't have as good a time as the little folks. They have more to do and to think about. When you grow up, these nice clothes will fit you better. You are so warm and tired, you must let me take them off, and see how much better you will feel with only your own pretty dress, which I see you have on under these things."

Amy was really tired with the excitement of the afternoon. Miss Alpha said very little, but took the extra "raiments" over her arm, pinned a veil over the little sunny head with its fuzzy French twist, and hand in hand, the teacher and her guest walked to Amy's home. Miss Alpha and Mrs. Brinkerhoff had a little explanation and a hearty laugh, while Amy, hungry as well as tired, for she had neglected her luncheon, ran down-stairs to get something to eat.

How Amy Visited The School.

"I had a *really* nice time, mamma," she explained when her mother undressed her that night, "but — but I guess I won't be a visitor again, because all the boys and girls had a nicer time than me, and Mrs. Alpha says she wouldn't, either, because there's a space for everything and everything is out of its space," which was not perhaps, exactly what Miss Alpha *did* say in her homeward walk with little Amy.

HOW UNCLE TOM RAN AWAY.

IT was a rainy afternoon, and my six-year-old nephew and I were sitting on the rug in front of the fire. Frank was stretched out full length on the soft, white fur ; I, in my own particular chair, sat patiently awaiting the request for "a story," which I knew would be very sure to come sooner or later.

"Make it a real true one, auntie," he said at last, planting his chin on his brown hands, and gazing straight into the burning coals.

"When your Uncle Tom and I were children," began I, slowly, "**we** were ever such good friends ; and although I am eight years older than he, we were always together. My pleasure was never real unless Tom shared it too. Taffy was not sweet nor even my peanuts good unless Tom had some ; half my goodies was always saved for him.

How Uncle Tom Ran Away.

“But Tom’s temper sometimes got the better of him, and when provoked — but wait a little and you shall see what happened to your big Uncle Tom for letting his temper run away with him.

“One afternoon — a cold, cheerless, rainy one like this, dear — I sat looking out the window at a poor little meadow lark that stood shivering and wet on the edge of the porch. I soon called Tom to look too, but when I turned to see if he was coming, and not knowing he was so near me, I accidentally struck him in the face with my elbow.

“‘Horrid, awkward thing,’ growled Tom ; and I received a blow from his strong little fist which I am sorry to say was *not* accidental. Mother had just come in, and she saw the whole scene. She made Tom sit alone on a sofa, away from the window and the bird, till he should grow good natured again. But Tom was not to be soothed in any such way, for he was really angry.

“‘Horrid, awkward, old thing !’ he muttered again between his teeth. ‘I just won’t stay in the house with such a girl ! I’ll run away, so I will. I’ll run away *to-night*,’ he added in a louder voice, intending to attract my attention and thinking to frighten me.

“‘What’s that?’ said mother, ‘Run away from home, and to-night?’

How Uncle Tom Ran away.

“‘Yes, and I am going right off now, if Jen don’t say she’s sorry.’”

“‘Very well,’ said mother, looking at me, and seeing no signs of repentance in my face. ‘You know I allow no one in my house to tell a *lie*, so I suppose I must say ‘good-by’ to you, ‘Tom.’

“Up-stairs to his room directly overhead went the angry boy. We heard him shake his long-saved pennies out of his tin bank, heard him pull out bureau drawers, and then all was still, till master Tom, flushed, angry, yet calm, tramped down the stairs. He said ‘good-by’ to all the family except me, and started out in the rain and wind.

“I shall never forget how forlorn the little fellow looked as he walked down the path from the house to the barn. An immense umbrella, old and torn, he tried to hold over him with one hand, while in the other he held a bundle, containing his best suit of clothes, clean shirt, and his pennies. No overcoat had he, no rubbers, and only an old straw hat which he had pulled down over **his** eyes.

“Bang! went the front door after him. Oo-oo roared the wind as it followed him! Splash! came down the rain through his torn, worn umbrella; and even the grim tall cypress trees swayed their dripping tops over the path as he passed, as though they



"I JUST WON'T STAY IN THE HOUSE WITH SUCH A GIRL!"

How Uncle Tom Ran Away.

would send down an extra shower on poor Tom's head.

"Soon it grew dark. But no Tom returned. Of course none of us thought he would really go away. We supposed the hottest of tempers would soon have cooled in that night's storm.

"An hour passed ; the darkness grew blacker.

"'Poor Tom !' I thought. 'It's all my fault, every bit of it ;' and although I was fourteen years old and considered myself quite a woman, I began to cry.

"But suddenly, much to my joy, I heard Tom's step on the porch. I was about to rush out to meet him when my mother stopped me.

"'No, child,' said she, firmly.

"That minute the front door bell rang — then it was not Tom at all, I thought.

"Mother went to the door, and there indeed was Tom. Lifting his hat to her in the most distantly polite manner, he said :

"'Good evening, madame. Will you have the goodness to tell me the shortest way to B —— ?'

"We were then living at Alderwood, in the country, and B —— was the nearest railroad station.

"'Oh, certainly,' mother said ; 'take the first road to the right. B —— is three miles from the turning.'

How Uncle Tom Ran Away.

“ ‘Thank you, madame,’ came the answer from Tom’s proud lips ; but his moist eyes said plainly, ‘I’m so sorry, mamma.’

“ He lifted his hat once more and walked calmly down the porch, off the steps into the dark garden and among the moaning cypress trees.

“ ‘Oh, mother, mother, how could you!’ I sobbed, no longer ashamed of my tears. ‘Tom will perish, I know he will, and — I — and I.’

“ ‘Jennie, my child,’ said mother, ‘do I not know best?’ And that answer was all I could get her to make.

“ Supper was forgotten ; we all sat gloomily around the fire. I was most miserable. I could do nothing but think how I loved Tom, and how lonely it was without him, and how dreary *he* must be feeling.

“ But another hour had ticked its slow way around the clock before we heard those steps on the porch again. Then the bell rang again, as before. This time I went with mother to the door. Tom stood there. His hat was gone — his umbrella too — his frowsy hair was wet, and his hands purple with cold ; but in a plucky voice he addressed mother :

“ ‘Please tell me the price of a night’s lodging in B——.’

“ ‘I gave a man fifty cents yesterday that bought

How Uncle Tom Ran Away.

him both bed and supper.'

" 'Will you take me in here to-night?' asked Tom. 'I can pay you.' And he coolly showed mother his handful of pennies.

" 'No,' mother replied; 'we don't take in tramps here. Perhaps they would at Nichols' across the road.'

" 'But,' said Tom, his little lips trembling, 'I — I — love you!'

" Mother's lips trembled too. 'That's a very strange thing for a strange man to say to me. What do you mean, sir?' And then, somehow, she shut the door in poor Tom's face."

"Oh, oh!" broke in Frank; "how could she do it! how could you let her, Auntie! it was just meaner than — O, auntie, *how* mean it was!"

"But by the time mother had gotten back into the sitting-room, and into her chair, looking so pale, I began to understand that she was giving her darling boy a lesson — but she nearly broke my heart as well as Tom's and her own in doing it.

"Eight o'clock came, and with it falteringly, slowly, came Tom's step on the porch. He rang the bell, but it only tinkled feebly. This time we all sprang to meet him, mother leading us and opening the door.

How Uncle Tom Ran Away.

“‘Would you?’ sobbed poor, tired Tom, ‘would you — *would* you let me come in and warm my poor little hands? I am — Jennie, I *am* so sorry!’

“In a minute, in a second, Tom was folded in mother’s arms, sobbing, repentant, wet, drabbled — yes, we were *all* sobbing.”

“Well, auntie,” was Frank’s comment, “I think Uncle Tom was just a *brick!*” emphasizing the last word with a thump of his clenched fist on the white fur rug.

“No, I think mother was the ‘brick’ as you say. At least all she ever after that had to do to ‘disperse’ Tom’s temper, was to say ‘Does my little boy wish to be taken at his word?’”

BUNNY'S LUNCH.

DINGLE! *Dingle!*"

It was the Dwight's door-bell that spoke ; and, as usual, the echo was a groan from the kitchen ; for Janet hated to answer the bell. She did not feel any pleasanter when she saw the little Smith boys on the step, with a rabbit cuddled somehow within their four arms.

"It is for Mrs. Dwight's baby," they explained. "You see, we're going to move to Chicago, and papa says we can't move the rabbit, so we want little Dot to have it."

Janet was too vexed to speak, and indeed, she had no chance, for the happy boys were off with the air of those who have done a specially good thing.

Janet bore the unwelcome little bundle into the dining-room, and with the grim announcement "here's

Bunny's Lunch.

an elephant!" went back to her dish-washing.

Now, Baby Dot was a timid little girl, who screamed every moment if she went to ride behind a "truly horse;" but she screamed also at dogs and



A PRESENT FOR THE BABY.

cats, and shrank even from the little hopping sparrows. So when she beheld this strange beastie, jumping around so queerly with his uneven little legs,

Bunny's Lunch.

she screamed as a matter-of-course : " Oh, the drefful big, lame kitty ! Take her away ! "

When Mrs. Dwight had learned from Janet about the little Smith boys' present, she, too, thought that the rabbit was " an elephant. " How could she keep it ? How could she give it away ? The little Smiths would not like it should they hear that their pet was not appreciated.

But Dottie's papa was more anxious to please Dottie than the little Smiths. He had no idea of keeping " an elephant " in his house to frighten his baby when he knew of a family that would love and pet little Bunny. This family was the Tumblers.

Mr. Tumbler, though he had such a name, was really a very " steady " man. He was porter in Mr. Dwight's store, and poor in everything but children.

When, then, this Mr. Tumbler reached home that night, with the soft, shy little bundle in his arms, what a welcome he got from the seven little Tumblers !

Bunny was cuddled by each in turn, and slept in the warmest of beds.

The next day, the family were all away from their humble home. Father Tumbler was at the store, Mother Tumbler house-cleaning abroad, all the young Tumblers at school. Bunny was left to keep house.

Now I don't know how it happened that with all the

Bunny's Lunch.

attention the rabbit had received from his new friends, they should forget to give him anything to eat.



A WORSTED FRAUD.

But it is a fact. Poor Bunny had not had a mouthful to eat. Of course, he tried to help himself, but the larder was low.

Now upon the floor of the Tumblers' front room

Bunny's Lunch.

was a wonderful, new carpet, a gift to Mrs. Tumbler, in consideration of her nursing some sick person, for Mrs. Tumbler was a nice nurse. It was only a thin, "two-ply" carpet, but it was bright with some very cabbagey-looking roses of a very tempting green. Hungry Bunny was not so bright as Solomon's bees, and he nibbled at one cabbage after another, not giving up the hope of a juicy morsel till he had tried every apparent cabbage in the carpet, and found it but a worsted fraud.

Of course the carpet was ruined — yet wasn't it too bad that the Tumblers had rabbit-stew for their Sunday dinner?

SPOTTY.

THE most that I can say about Spotty is that he is like the man in the German story — you see his shadow when you can't see him. For instance, Spotty will get on a boy's or girl's legs — then you will see a kicking time. Or he will get on their hands — and then there is a striking time. But sometimes Spotty gets into their eyes — and then what a snapping and scowling there is !

After all, though, I do believe Spotty is worst when he gets on your back. What a dreadful row there is then ! It is really astonishing how he will pull our hair until we yell and scream ; or pinch and beat us until we kick and strike our best friends. Now folks who don't know what is the matter always say that it is "temper," or "old Adam," or some other cause — but you and I know (don't we ?) that it is just Spotty.

Spotty.

Why, I saw Spotty once get after the Wee Man in our house, and it made a Blackfoot Indian out of him in no time at all. He raced away from his mother and went galloping over the garden-beds, yelling and screeching as if he were bent on taking some one's scalp — but I, looking out of the window up-stairs, saw Spotty, just as plain as I see you, perched on his back. Spotty had on a pair of long spurs and in his hand he had a whip, and I tell you the small chap was being spurred and lashed all over the garden.

So I shut down the window and let the fun go on. I knew that as soon as the Wee Man found out that it was Spotty who was doing all this he would never let him take such a ride again.

Then Pet Girlie got Spotty on her nose one day, at dinner-time, and he put one toe in one corner of her mouth, and another toe in the other corner of her mouth ; and one fist in one eye and the other fist in the other eye. Down went both corners of her mouth, and her eyes wrinkled and wrinkled as if she had been eating onions. And, as soon as she began to speak Spotty dropped his hands and caught hold of her tongue and pulled it out and pushed it in again until really it was a very naughty tongue indeed. So I didn't wait long before I told her what was the matter. I thought it too bad she shouldn't know.

Spotty.

The funny part of it is that everybody else sees Spotty except the person whom Spotty is troubling. So I thought I would improve that, and now I have a pair of patent spectacles which are splendid things. Some people I see every day are just as good as they always are—but on others I can see Spotty so plainly that I wish I could lend them the spectacles.

Now, I hear you say, “How do you make them, and how do you use them?” Oh, that’s easy enough.

First you take the top of a pasteboard box and cut out two places for eyes. And then all around the two places for eyes you cut out the rim and the bridge of the spectacles. And then you get a nice piece of soft elastic — like the elastic for mamma’s hat — and tie it to each corner of the eye-places so it will hold the spectacles on your head. And then the next time — the *very* next time — you feel mad and cross and spiteful and hateful and say impertinent things, and scowl and pout and stick out your tongue just put on those Spotty-finders and go and look in the big mirror. The big mirror in the parlor I mean, but then a quite small looking-glass will do as well, if your eyes are sharp. Oh, there! I forgot to tell you how to put the charm on, so you can see through the *glass* in the spectacles. Perhaps you think it is only pretending glass, but it isn’t pretending glass at all —

Spotty.

it is real glass, though you can't touch it or see it.
Now, this is the way you are to put the glass in.

On the rim of the right hand eye-place and on the side that is away from you, you must write along the top, this :

N E P O

And *over* the left-hand eye-place :

U O H T

And *under* the right-hand eye-place :

E N I M

And *under* the left-hand eye-place :

S E Y E

Then you will see Spotty — either sitting on your nose, or looking over your left shoulder, or somewhere around. And when you see him I want you to write and tell me how he looks, so that I can find out if your Spotty and my Spotty are the same Spotty.

LITTLE SISTER AND HER PUPPETS.



GOOD NIGHT, LOVELY STAR.

THERE was a dear little girl once whose name was Emily, but everybody called her "Little Sister," because she was so sweet, and loved everyone.

She couldn't pronounce some words plainly, and people used to get her to talk, on purpose to hear the cunning words used.

She used to sing a little song before she went to bed, and this was the way she sang it:

Little Sister And Her Puppets.

“ Good night nitten tar (little star)
I mun (must) go to my bed
And neave (leave) you to burn
While I nay (lay) down my head,

On my pinnow (pillow) to neep (sleep)
Till the morning light,
When you mill (will) be fading
And I mill (will) be bight (bright).”

As she sang this little song, she would lean her face up against the window pane and throw a sweet kiss to the star and say, “Dud night, you nubny (lovely) nitten (little) tar !” (star.)

“ Little Sister ” used to make everybody love her who came near her. The grown-up people would always want to take her right up in their laps, and the little children loved to have her come up with her flowing silken hair and put her arms around them and kiss them.

When she went out with her sled in winter time, the gentlemen used to want to pull her, and the little boys would always drag her sled up hill again after a slide.

This was because she was so kind and sweet, and had such polite ways.

Little Sister used to love to go and see some

Little Sister And Her Puppets.

puppets which were exhibited at a Punch-and-Judy show near where she lived.

The men used to stand under a great over spreading elm tree and work their puppets there, but there were so many people around the show that she could not see it plainly. Betsey, her nurse, used to hold her up, but still Little Sister couldn't see it all.

On Little Sister's fourth birthday, when she came down into the dining-room at breakfast time, what should she see over in one corner of the room but a puppet stand, with six puppets. First of all there was Punch, and then there was Judy ; then there was Doctor and the Judge, and the Policeman and Sheriff.

She was delighted. "Where did this come from?" she asked.

Then her papa told her that he had had the stand made for her, and had bought the puppets as a birthday present.

These puppets he worked with his thumb and fingers.

"Oh! what nubney nitten puppets!" said Little Sister, and off she ran to show them to her mamma.

Then in the afternoon of her birthday, her mother invited some little friends to come in and see the first exhibition of Little's Sister's puppets.



LITTLE SISTER'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

Little Sister And Her Puppets.

Nobody could see how her papa worked them from behind the stand.

They were ever so funny. One puppet was named Tommy, and he sat down to eat a piece of meat. Then the pussy-cat came on the boards, and walked right up to Tommy to take away the meat he had in his hands. Tommy gave the cat a hit on the head with his funny arm, and then pussy stood up on her hind legs and hit Tommy back. Finally pussy got hold of the piece of meat and jumped down, while poor little Tommy was left alone crying. Pussy was beautifully dressed up with a white paper ruffle around her neck, and pink ribbons tied on her feet and tail.

Then Tommy brought his naughty cat who had stolen the meat, before the Judge, an old wise-looking man, with a grey wig on, and the Judge sentenced pussy to be put in prison.

There was a prison all ready, which Little Sister's papa had made out of a paper box. There were slats in it, and it was painted black, and had the word "Prison" printed at the top of it in large black letters.

Poor pussy, the thief, looked very sadly when the puppet policeman marched her off to prison.

Then there was old Punch, who threw the baby

Little Sister And Her Puppets.

out of the window, and was also taken before the Judge and was hanged.



THE POLICEMAN PUTS PUSSY IN A SAFE PLACE.

Then Tommy got sick from eating too much meat, and the Doctor had to come and bleed him. This made all the little folks laugh ever so much.

After this, Judy went to a store to buy some sausage, and when she got it home it turned into a snake and ran away.

Then Tommy took up his father's musket to fire it off and the gun went to pieces, and poor little Tommy was blown up in the air; his head and hands and feet were all blown away from his body and there was nothing left of him.

Then there was a paper doll named Polly Flinders, who set herself on fire.

Little Sister And Her Puppets.

This was the song Little Sister's papa sang in a piping, squeaky voice, when he made little Polly dance :

“ Little Polly Flinders
Sat among the cinders
A-warming her pretty little toes ;
Her mother came and caught her
And spanked her little daughter
For burning her nice new clothes.”

When he got through singing this funny little song, he would set Polly on fire and then put her in a toy wash-tub, and all of a sudden a little fire-engine would appear and squirt water on her in the wash-tub. Then the curtain would drop down, and Punch would put his head out and say in a squealing little voice, “ Children, don't you ever play with fire.”

These were some of the ways in which Little Sister and her papa amused their friends on Saturday afternoons.

Sometimes Little Sister and her brother invited poor children to come in and see the funny puppets work. Sometimes these little children went with their papa while he showed the puppets to poor little children in some of the houses and asylums in the city where they lived.

One time they all went to the Children's Hospital,

Little Sister And Her Puppets.

where the sick children were, and made the poor little things laugh over the funny doings of Tommy and Jerry, and Pussy and Polly Flinders.

And in this way dear Little Sister and her little playthings did good to others ; for we can serve God and be doing good by making others happy even in our plays, and with the toys which are given to us, instead of keeping them selfishly for ourselves.

A RIDE ON A CENTAUR.

SID'S mother had a way of telling him stories just before he went to bed, and Sid loved bed-time more than any other hour in the day. I couldn't begin to tell you all he had learned in this way nor all the places he had been to. When people travel in strange countries they have to have a guide who knows the fine roads and wonderful places to be seen in that part of the world. Now Sid was a little traveller just setting out on a very long journey and it was a very fortunate thing for him that he had his mother as a guide.

When night was coming on and it was getting dark out of doors, the open wood fire was lighted in the back parlor ; and then in the glow which made everything in the room look so queer, with his hand in hers, Sid's mother took him off to other lands and even to the Moon.

A Ride on a Centaur.

One night, not long ago, as Sid sat looking into the fire with his head against his mother's knee, she said :

"Come, Sid, let's go to Greece and take a ride on a Centaur."

Nothing could have pleased Sid more. He hadn't the slightest idea what a Centaur was, but he loved to ride, and it made very little difference to him what he rode on.

Besides he was tired to-night and didn't feel like walking ; so, with his eyes half shut, and feeling very, very comfortable, Sid waited for the Centaur to take him off.

"Well," said his mother, in a voice that was always very sweet to him ; "there's a little country in Greece called Thessaly, and it's full of caves, and beautiful valleys as well. In one of the caves lived a Centaur named Chiron. He had the body of a horse, but instead of a horse's neck and head he had the head and shoulders and body of a man down to the waist. He was a very old and wise Centaur and although he lived in a cave he loved the open air on the high mountains."

How much longer Sid's mother talked I don't know. Although she did not notice it, Sid was gone. He had been carried off by a Centaur. While he was looking into the fire and wondering what made

A Ride on a Centaur.

the coals take such queer shapes he heard a strange noise outside. It wasn't exactly the neighing of a horse and it was not exactly the voice of a man, but it was something between the two.

"That's very funny," said Sid to himself; "wonder what it is!"

In a moment or two he heard it again and it sounded a great deal nearer than before. Then there was a sharp canter down the road and the clatter of hoofs past the windows. Sid's mother did not seem to pay any attention to the noise, but she had stopped talking — at least Sid thought she had, and he got up very quietly, stepped out into the hall and went to the side door. There wasn't any moon but the stars were shining brightly and there, going round and round the circle of grass under the apple trees, Sid saw a splendid black horse. As it came round again to the place where he stood Sid saw that it was not a horse after all, for above its forelegs it had the head and body of a man.

It was a Centaur. Sid had never seen one before and he was sure nobody in that neighborhood owned one. Where it had come from he hadn't the slightest idea, and if it hadn't been for the apple trees and the great, dark church beyond he would have believed he was dreaming.

A Ride on a Centaur.

The Centaur cantered around two or three trees more, and then, without saying a word, as he passed Sid, stretched out his arms, caught the boy, put him on his back and was off like a racer. No boy ever had such a ride before and I don't know that any one ever will again.

No sooner had the Centaur struck the road than he broke into a gallop and went thundering along through the night as if a thousand witches or some other horrible creatures were chasing him. His hoofs rang on the hard ground and struck sparks of fire out of the stones along the way. On and on they flew, past houses and orchards and ponds over which a white mist lay like a soft night dress. They leaped the tall gates without so much as dropping a penny for the keeper who was fast asleep in the little house, and they rushed over bridges as if there were no notices about fast driving posted up at either end. Faster and faster they flew along until fences and trees and barns were all mixed up together and Sid couldn't tell one from the other. He thought the Centaur couldn't go any faster, but he was mistaken, for he broke into a dead run and then such going! It took Sid's breath away. Every thing vanished and there wasn't any thing left in the world but himself and the Centaur and the wind that was trying its best



A Ride on a Centaur.

to blow him off. There wasn't any noise either. It was just one tremendous rush. It was like the flight of an arrow that goes straight through the air from the moment it leaves the bow till the moment it strikes the mark and there's hardly a breath between.

How long the ride was I don't know for Sid never could tell, but after a time the Centaur began to slacken speed, broke into a gallop, then into a gentle trot and finally stopped short. His broad flanks were steaming and he was wet from hoof to hoof, but he did not seem to mind it.

Sid had been a little frightened at first, and you must admit that it was rather alarming to be picked up and carried off like the wind by a Centaur — but he was a brave boy and soon forgot every thing but the splendid ride he was taking. As soon as the Centaur stopped he slipped down and stood on the ground.

Although it was night the air was so soft and pure and the stars shone so brightly through it that he could see it was a strange country. There were hills everywhere but they were green and although it was wild it looked beautiful as far as he could see.

The Centaur stretched himself on the ground and Sid saw that although his face was very queer it was quite intelligent. He seemed to be waiting to res-

A Ride on a Centaur.

himself. Sid wanted very much to talk with him but he wasn't sure that he ought to and he didn't know exactly what to say. There was so much of the horse about the Centaur that Sid couldn't make up his mind whether he really was a horse or a man.

The Centaur paid no attention to the boy for a long time but finally he turned to him and said:

"Well, how did you like it?"

The voice was queer, there was no doubt about that. It made him think of a horse, but the words were human. The Centaur could speak good English, there was no doubt about that either.

"It was just splendid," Sid answered. "What made you come for me?"

"Why," replied the Centaur, speaking slowly as if it were not easy for him to talk; "I knew you could ride and I was sent for you."

Sid could'nt understand why he could ride easier than any other boy. "Can't everybody ride?" he asked in a quick way he has when he is interested in anything.

"Oh, bless you, no," said the Centaur; "very few indeed; it all depends on your mind. Most boys wouldn't have seen me, much less kept on my back."

Sid thought that was very queer, but he asked no

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more questions about it. He didn't feel very well acquainted yet.

"Who sent you for me ;" he continued at last.

"Chiron sent me," answered the Centaur getting on his legs, "and we must be off."

He put Sid on his back as before and started on a gentle canter. They were on the side of a mountain with here and there olive trees and pines.

"Where are we ?" asked Sid after a moment.

"Is this Thes—Thes— ?"

"Yes," said the Centaur ; "it's Thessaly."

"Where am I going ?"

"You are going to school," replied the Centaur.

That rather surprised Sid and didn't entirely please him. He thought he had enough of school by daylight without going at night too, but he said nothing, thinking it certainly must be a new kind of school if they had to send so far for scholars, and wondering whether his father, who was a minister, would be able to pay the bills.

The road which the Centaur took led them around the mountain and presently they came out into a little level space in the side of the mountain and in front of a cave. In the middle of this grassy place a Centaur was lying on his side, and around him were ten or more young men stretched full length on the

A Ride on a Centaur.

ground and leaning on their elbows, in a half circle.

Sid slid down to the ground and slipped into the little group without being noticed. The Centaur in the middle was very old, so old that he looked as if he had been alive for centuries ; and he had a very wise and beautiful face.

The young men were the most splendid fellows Sid had ever seen. They had beautiful forms and noble heads and fine, bright faces, and they had magnificent arms and chests. They looked like heroes, and I think most of them were.

This was the school and a very queer school it certainly was. Sid was eight years old and went to a Kindergarten where he had books and blocks and all kinds of things and here they hadn't so much as a scrap of paper. He was inclined to think it must be a poor affair, but he thought he would wait until he had heard some of the recitations before he made up his mind. That was the queerest thing of all—there weren't any recitations. No books, no desks, no black-boards, no recitations ! well, it certainly was a funny school. There wasn't even a roll called. If there had been Sid would have heard some strange names. That great splendid fellow at the end of the line, with his curly hair all in confusion about his noble head, was called Hercules, and the next was

A Ride on a Centaur.

Achilles and the next Theseus and then came Castor and Pollux, and Ulysses and Meleager and Æsculapius and others whose names I have forgotten.

While Sid was thinking about these things the old Centaur began to talk. His voice was very low and very sweet and somehow it made Sid feel that the teacher had seen everything there was to be seen in the world and knew everything there was to be known. School was evidently going to begin.

"I have told you," said the Centaur, very slowly, "about the Gods and the old times when the world was young. I have told of heroes and of the great things they did. I have taught you music which the Gods love, and medicine which is useful for men. I have told you how to be strong and high-minded and noble. I have taught you to be brave and true that you may do great things for yourself and the world. By day I have made your bodies firm and sinewy, and at night I made you think of the Gods who live beyond the stars. What shall I tell you now?"

Nobody spoke for a minute and then Ulysses, who had a very wise face for one so young, said: "Tell us of yourself, oh, Chiron."

This seemed to please everybody and all the scholars repeated the words:

A Ride on a Centaur.

"Tell us of yourself, oh, Chiron."

"The Centaurs," began Chiron after a little while, "were born long before men came into the world. It was a rough place then and needed somebody stronger than men to live in it. So the Gods made us with the strength and swiftness of the animals and yet with some of the thoughts and feelings of men. And we lived in caves and ran through the valleys, and leaped across the rushing streams and climbed the mountains. And we learned many things about the world and made it easier for men when they came. I think we were sent to do what animals couldn't do and that now you are come and grown strong to conquer even the animals, our work is done and we must soon die."

Just then a little bell rang. At first Sid thought school must be out, but the bell sounded very familiar to him. In fact it was the cuckoo clock in the front parlor striking nine.

"Bless me, Sid," said his mother; "you ought to have been in bed an hour ago."

SALLY'S SEVEN-LEAGUE SHOES.

DID you ever hear the story of Sally Colman's shoes?

Why, they went far ahead of Jack's seven-league boots! They walked all the way from Hatfield, Massachusetts, to Canada and back, walking straight over Lake Champlain without sinking — they were bound with silk from Paris and threaded with deer's sinew from the forest, and soled with leather from England, and the red serge uppers came by way of New Amsterdam, straight from Holland, and with all the rough usage to which they were put they have lasted two hundred years and are not quite worn out yet; indeed it is very possible that they may last twice two hundred years longer. Now, is not that wonderful? And the most wonderful thing about the story is — that it is quite true.

Sally's Seven-league Shoes.

One bright morning early in September, 1677, little Sally Colman sat on the counter of the Hatfield store swinging her feet complacently, and not a little proud of the new pair of red shoes which the shopkeeper had just fitted to them. She was on the point of jumping down and running home, when Mistress Delight Crowninshield, a young lady of great consequence from Boston, who had been visiting relatives in Hatfield that summer, inquired of the shopkeeper, who was also the postmaster, for her mail. Little Sally Colman watched her with great awe, as she received from deferential hands a brown paper parcel heavily besplashed with huge red seals.

"They are my slippers!" exclaimed Mistress Delight in a tone of vexation, as she tore open the parcel, "and just too late for the husking frolic at Benoni Stebbins' barn!"

She placed the dainty slippers on the counter and looked at them regretfully; and Sally, as her round, young eyes noted their French heels and the delicate roseate hue of the silk, with the sparkle of the small paste-buckles on the instep, thought she had never seen anything half so lovely in all her short life, and looked down with diminished pride at her own heelless, stout-soled little boots with their red serge uppers and waxed-end ties.

Sally's Seven-league Shoes.

"After all," sighed Mistress Crowninshield, "perhaps it is quite for the best. I should certainly have split them dancing, 'I'll be married in my old clothes,' on that rough plank floor, and now I shall have them fresh for Boston, for I am going back to-morrow, and who knows what flowery paths they may lead me in? Good bye, little Sally—so you have a pair of new shoes, too! Almost as big as mine, as stout and strong as you are, and as red as your own cheeks, while mine are only bits of silken flimsiness like myself. Their histories, if anybody could write them, will doubtless be much like our own lives. Yours will probably last long and finally be stubbed out among the huckleberries and the dandelions, and mine will grow faded and shabby to the squeak of fiddlers and the glare of sconces, and they will both be buried in Nature's rag-bag and be alike forgotten."

Goodman Plympton, who liked to listen to Mistress Delight's playful chatter, shook his head gravely at this speech.

"Nay, Mistress Crowninshield," he said, "I have known the most humble raiment to be treasured carefully from generation to generation, long after the whilom owners thereof had perished, in memory of some noble deed which they had done in their life-

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time, and which forbade that they should ever be forgotten."

"We have my grandfather's soiled gauntlets, for he fought with Cromwell," said Mistress Delight.



MISTRESS DELIGHT MORALIZES.

"And mother has wrapped in fine white paper the sprigged veil which my grandmother made and wore," said little Sally.

"Yea," replied Goodman Plimpton, "your grandmother was a French Huguenot. The veil is but a

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bit of silken flimsiness, of a piece with your slippers, Mistress Delight, but it has endured, for it holds within it something of the grace and loveliness of the wearer and maker, for it is written that though all things else vanish away, yet love abideth. And the gloves of your grandfather, though rough and uncomely, yet speak a stout heart and noble deeds, and these cannot die, fair Mistress Delight."

Delight Crowninshield went to Boston, and the peach-blossom tinted slippers graced her feet at all of the few merry-makings in which the prim little town indulged. At one of these she met a young Frenchman from Quebec, an officer under the great Count Fontenac, who was in Boston on business of his command. This officer thought he had never seen anyone as beautiful as Delight Crowninshield, and during his stay in Boston he was constantly at her side.

One day as they were walking in Frog Lane, now Boylston street, Delight found that she had lost one of her paste shoe-buckles, and that she would soon lose the slipper also, if it were not replaced.

They stepped into a shop, and the Frenchman bought a buckle and, dropping on one knee, placed Delight's little foot on the other while he fastened the slipper snugly for her. But Boston mud in Frog Lane then was quite as bad as Boston mud in Boyl-

Sally's Seven-league Shoes.

ston street now, and when Delight removed her foot the print of her sole was startlingly visible on the French officer's fine white broadcloth knee-breeches.



IN FROG LANE, BOSTON.

"I fear me it will not come off," said Delight, ruefully.

"Then let it remain," replied the gallant Frenchman. "I shall guard it as the proudest decoration I possess until the day that I can claim little foot and little body as my own."

Woosings were rather more stately and lengthy things



ALL THE WAY TO CANADA.

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in those days than now, and the French officer was obliged to go back to Quebec wearing a new pair of knee-breeches, the stained ones folded away in his chest, and only the vague assurance that he might claim Mistress Delight as his bride when it was plainly proved that he deserved her.

He had scarcely gone when very sorrowful news was heard from Hatfield. The Indians had made a descent upon the town, had burned, and pillaged, and murdered, and carried away captive. Little Sally Colman's mother was killed and Sally herself carried to Canada.

Poor little Sally! She had been rudely waked up that chill autumn morning by glare of fire and shrieks and horrid yells, but as she was dragged out of the burning house she caught at the objects dearest to her heart—her new red shoes. Many a weary mile the little captive trudged meekly, uncomplainingly, until the heart of even her Indian captor was touched, and he lifted her to his shoulders as they strode through the thick underbrush.

Often the straggling band would be separated, and then they kept near each other by uttering hideous noises; hooting like screech-owls, or howling like wolves. When Sally heard these sounds she would start with fright, and cling to Painted Arrow's neck;

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until the savage, seeing how she trusted in him for protection, answered her confidence with every kindness in his power to grant.

When they climbed the steep mountains he placed her on one of the horses behind one of the two ugly-faced squaws who accompanied the party, and when she trembled with the quivering of the frail birch-bark canoe, in which they crossed the Connecticut, he leaped into the deadly-cold water and followed her, swimming by its side and steadying it now and then with his hand.

They crossed the river several times, keeping it between them and the English settlements as they travelled northward. The Indians hunted as they went, and Painted Arrow always shared his portion with little Sally, who learned to consider a roasted bear's paw a great delicacy. Once they had huckleberries which the squaws gathered ; but in getting them the squaws lost Benoni Stebbins, whom they had taken with them to carry the full baskets, and Benoni, making his way back to Hatfield, told their friends at home of their sufferings and put stout-hearted pursuers upon their track.

The Indians toiled over the Green Mountains and reached Lake Champlain only to find it frozen. Here they made sledges, and Painted Arrow placed Sally

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and little Samuel Russell, who had been taken captive at Deerfield, on one of these and tucking them in with skins and his own blanket drew them over the ice. But in spite of his care the boy died, and when they reached Chamblee some of the more cruel Indians burned Goodman Plympton at the stake.

It was Christmas time when they reached Sorel, a French garrison on the St. Lawrence river, and here Sally and the other captives were sold as slaves to the French settlers. The French masters were kinder to them than their Indian ones had been, and Sally attended the Christmas service at the little Jesuit church, thankful at heart that the perilous journey was accomplished.

After service there was a Christmas dinner such as Sally had never tasted, for her master, Jean Poitevin, had been a prince of cooks in his native land, and he donned a white apron and paper cap and served up a dinner that would have done honor to a Parisian restaurant. In the first place there was a delicious soup made of the legs and head of a rooster, an onion, a carrot cut in fancy pieces, a bouquet of different kinds of herbs, and a piece of garlic. Then there was *gibelotte de lapin*, a rabbit stewed in a delicious black sauce. This was accompanied by blocks of bread cut from a loaf about as long as Jean Poitevin's arm,

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strings by deer-sinews, and Madame Poitevin bound the worn edge with a ribbon which she had brought with her from France. Then she took out her lace all around him, big ones tucked under his wings and a button-hole-knot of them on his breast. After this Sally helped Madam Poitevin to clear away the meats.

Next came the rooster served with little mushrooms and the family attacked the dessert which had all along ornamented the central part of the table, and consisted of a temple of maccaroons marvellously iced and decorated, six little pots of six different kinds of preserves, and some very black coffee.

Poor little Sally ! The kindness of her new owners was quite as bad for her as the severity of the Indians, and the varied bill of fare, after her scanty diet of bear's-paws and acorns, made her very ill. Madame Poitevin nursed her very kindly, and mended her little red shoes, which had become very ragged with the long march. The Indians had replaced the shoe-pillow, and Sally, as she watched the growth of the frost-like sprays, thought of her grandmother's sprigged veil which lasted so long, and of Goodman Plympton's words — "Love endureth." By her loving ways and gentle, obedient behavior she won the Poitevins' hearts ; but in spite of their kindness the

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tears would often well to her eyes, and she would sob :

“ Father, father, shall I ever see you and dear old Hatfield again ? ”

And ever since the return of Benoni Stebbins, Sally's father and the good Hatfield people generally had been doing their best for the rescue of their kidnapped neighbors. Benjamin Wait and Stephen Jennings, whose wives had been carried away, were most forward of all. They went to Albany and tried to obtain soldiers to follow the Indians. But instead of being helped they were hindered, for the Dutch and Yankees were not very friendly at this time, and they were thrown into prison for a while, so that it was not until December that these two brave men, with only a friendly Mohawk Indian for a guide, set out for Canada.

When Delight Crowninshield heard of this expedition it struck her that perhaps she could do something to help it along, and seizing her father's stubby goose-quill, she wrote the following quaint letter to the French officer who had carried away the print of her small foot on his knee and heart :

RESP^d SIR : There has been an incursion of ye barbarous savages who have captivated many of ye people of Hatfield leading them away to Canada. Certain of our people, Benjamin

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Wait and Stephen Jennings, are now on their way to Quebec to obtain the deliverance of the same, which if thou canst effect or aid through thy influence with thy master, the great Governor Fontinac, thou mayest make any demand upon my kindness which thou seest fit. In witness whereof I hereto set my hand and seal this 15th day of November, 1676.

DELIGHT CROWNINSHIELD.

The seal which the little witch affixed was two drops of black sealing wax, artfully managed to resemble the print of a slipper.

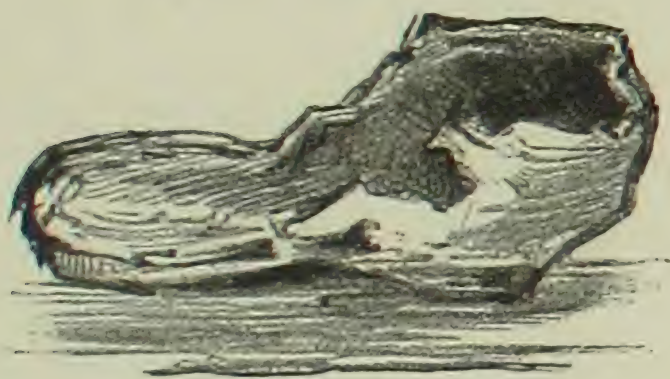
This was enough. When the Hatfield ambassadors reached Quebec they were brought at once before Fontinac, and the release of all the captives ordered. A guard of French soldiers was also granted to convey them safely to Hatfield.

They set out on their homeward journey the middle of April and arrived in the early summer, little Sally still wearing the remnants of her seven-league shoes — two very worn soles with little of the scarlet uppers and a frayed morsel of French ribbon left, each clinging to the ankle only by a string of stout deer's sinew.

The young French officer, who you may be sure formed one of the guard, quickly made an exchange of prisoners, for though he returned Sally to her home, he carried Delight back with him to Quebec in a far more "captivated" condition than any of the

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prisoners taken by the Indians. And Madame Delight's first wifely duty was to scour long and earnestly a spot of Boston mud left on a pair of her husband's white knee-breeches. But the mud had been left untouched so long that it never thoroughly came out; and the gallant French officer told the story of the half effaced footprint many times amidst

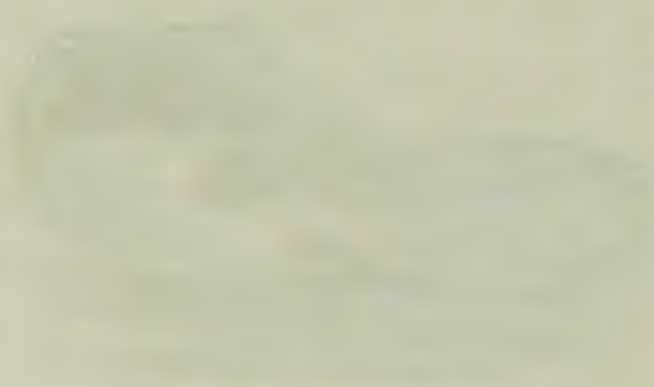


the applause of his comrades and even of Count Fontenac himself.

You can see one of Sally's red shoes to-day in the museum of the Memorial Association at Deerfield — the little shoe that trudged to Canada and back, and has lasted, unlike most children's shoes, over two hundred years. The other is in the collection at the Old South Church in Boston, and was referred to in the *WIDE AWAKE* for July, 1879, in an article entitled "The Children's Hour at the Old South."

Sally's Seven-league Shoes.

That "Love endureth," though slipper-prints fade and shoes wear out, and that patient submission will conquer in the end, is the lesson of Sally's little shoes.



HOW THE GREAT PLAY WAS ACTED.

THE all important night for which the little girls of Miss Muddleson's school had been plotting and planning and preparing themselves, for at least two months, had at last arrived; and the event of the season, the great play of "Michael Angelo Buonaroti," as dramatized by Lizzie Rollins, was announced to come off that very evening without fail.

Such a hopeless flurry as there had been all day; such a gathering together of the theatrical wardrobes, to deposit them in any corner where they could find a resting-place; such hurried drilling of a few who were utterly incapable of retaining their five or six lines in their heads — amid the general tumult, what wonder that a twelve-year-old stage manager should find herself driven nearly wild by the work to be

How the Great Play was Acted.

accomplished ; especially when it is taken into consideration that she was also the dramatist, the leading actress, the stage-carpenter, and the manager of the wardrobes ! It was well that she had an aide-camp to second all her efforts as vigorously as Minnie Roland, who had assisted in preparing the play, dutifully taken a long part in it, and who now worked hard to reduce the turbulent dramatic corps to something like submission and order.

It was a large boarding-school, and the older girls had acted several little plays with such astonishing success that the minds and hearts of the Second Division had been filled with a great longing to do likewise.

It is true there were more than a few obstacles to be overcome. They had no play, no fancy dresses, no one to drill them, and, as a rule, no money to buy the things they wanted ; but all these difficulties vanished like smoke before the vigor and cleverness of one little girl, the acknowledged leader of the Second Division.

After many secret consultations and much debating, it was at last determined that Lizzie Rollins should dramatize a favorite story about the boyhood of the great sculptor and architect, Michael Angelo, and that Minnie Roland should act as secretary, and copy

How the Great Play was Acted.

the parts, which were to be distributed as Lizzie thought best.

All this took a long while, it being a peculiarity of Miss Muddleson's school that although there was plenty of time to study lessons, there was very little to study plays; but by dint of holding rehearsals every day at the noon recreation hour, everybody at last knew what she was to say, and a few had even some faint idea of how they were to say it.

Selecting the actors had been no easy task. Lizzie had modestly declined the leading role of Michael Angelo, and given it to Emma Cullen, a fat girl of thirteen, who acted nicely, and who was much too placid to get flurried under any circumstances, and could consequently be relied on to remember her part. Minnie was to be the painter's father, and Lizzie was to be an old man-servant, named Urbino, who supplied the comic element and had more to say than anybody else in the play. To the prettiest girl in the room, Lillie Middleton, was given the part of Sebastian, Michael Angelo's bosom friend, solely as a tribute to her charms; for she could not act at all, even if she did not forget what she had to say.

It may perhaps be noticed that all the characters were men and boys, which was rather funny

How the Great Play was Acted.

when all the actors were little girls; but a trifle like that never disconcerted these children, and having assigned the different parts, the committee passed on to the momentous question of the dresses.

"I wish we knew," said Minnie, thoughtfully, "what kind of clothes the people wore in Italy about that time. None of you girls ever saw a picture of Michael Angelo, I suppose?"

"We had an engraving of his head at home," suggested Annie Campbell.

"Had he any kind of a hat on?" inquired Lizzie, eagerly.

"No, nothing but hair."

"Then it's of no use, and you needn't have mentioned it," was the disconsolate reply. "Of course Emma will wear her hair. Nobody expects her to leave it off for the occasion; but it would have been something, even to know what kinds of hats they wore."

"Well, I am not so sure of that," said Minnie, who was of a practical turn; the chances are that if we did know, we could not get up anything at all like them. We've got to make the clothes ourselves; and I don't believe that anyone who will see us, knows how Michael Angelo really did dress."

How the Great Play was Acted.

"What will we wear, then?" asked an impatient chorus.



"Why, I think the best thing we can do," said Lizzie gravely, "will be to dress all the men —"

"We are all men," put in Annie, "there are no women."

"Well then, to dress ourselves all in short bal-moral skirts. They will look like something be-

How the Great Play was Acted.

tween a toga and a tunic, and won't be very inappropriate."

"They will look more like kilts than either," grumbled a disaffected actor, "and whatever Michael Angelo might have been, he was not a Highlander."

"Well, what of that?" burst out Minnie rushing to her friend's defence; "you can" be sure that he did not wear kilts anyhow! You've no idea what he did wear, and so how can you go and say what he didn't?"

This argument though by no means sound, was felt to be convincing until a quiet girl suggested that she thought the people then all wore doublet and hose.

"So they did?" said the disaffected member.

"Well, perhaps then," remarked Lizzie, with cutting irony, "perhaps, you will send to the city and have five sets of doublet and hose made to order—as I don't see any other way of getting them."

This was a clincher, and two or three girls cried out, "Oh! let's wear the kilts of course! Nobody will expect us to have what we cannot possibly get. Go ahead, Lizzie, and don't mind what anybody says."

"Very well then," said their pacified leader, "we

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will wear kilts made out of balmoral skirts. We can borrow all the bright-colored ones, and shorten them as we need. Over these we can wear sacks and jackets, with sashes around our waists. And Michael Angelo ought to have a sword."

"That is easily made out of wood," said Minnie; "but you know part of the scenes are in the open air. We must have something on our heads, and we can't possibly wear our hoods."

"Could we not take our best hats and untrim them for the occasion?" suggested Emma Cullen, who naturally thought no sacrifice too great.

"I don't think it would do," said Lizzie, slowly; "in the first place, who would trim them again for us to wear home for vacation? and in the second place, some of them, Minnie's for instance, are not at all suitable shapes; and I don't believe any of the other girls would lend us their hats to untrim. They are all so fussy about their old things!"

"I know," said Minnie, "what will just answer. Let us make caps out of stiff paper, and bind them with red braid."

"The very thing!" was the enthusiastic reply. "Michael Angelo, and Sebastian, and the Duke, are the only ones who need them; and they can be worn a little on one side, and will be really becoming."

How the Great Play was Acted.

"There goes the bell for French class," sighed the fortunate Sebastian; "I wish it would not always ring before we get through!"

"I will start the caps the first thing to-morrow morning," said Lizzie, and the children reluctantly separated for their classes.



Now all was ready — caps, kilts, wooden sword, sashes, and every thing else; and the curtain, made of two sheets, had been stretched across the middle of the class-room. All the actors, even to the venerable father of Michael Angelo, and the magnificent Duke di Medici, had their hair up in curling papers, and Lizzie and Minnie were busy in putting the finishing touches to the white dresses worn by the statues and making up the red bows, which the Duke, in

How the Great Play was Acted.

honor of his high rank, was to wear on his shoes and cap.

As evening came on the excitement grew intense. Not only were all the pupils and the teachers coming to see the play, but Mr. Rollins, as an especial honor to his little daughter, was invited to be present ; and the thought of a stranger in the audience sent a thrill of awe through the hearts of the more timid actors, and inspired the bolder ones with fresh zeal.

Supper was at last over, and at half-past seven o'clock the play would begin. The room was well filled, and in the front row sat their visitor, tall, handsome, grey-haired, quite as eager as the rest, to see the white curtains go up, or rather go apart — a little girl being stationed at either side to draw them away at the proper minute.

Tinkle, tinkle, rang the prompter's bell, and back went the curtain.

Enter Lizzie as Urbino, soliloquizing, as she brushed and dusted the furniture, with all the airs of a waiting-maid.

A knocking at the gate !

Apparently the domestic force of the Castle of Capresse was not large, for Urbino leaves his dusting to go to the door and admit Sebastian, dressed exactly like Urbino himself, with the addition of the resplen-

How the Great Play was Acted.

dent cap, shaped something like a baker's, but bound with crimson braid, and ornamented with a bright blue feather.

Urbino, who does not approve of Michael Angelo's friends or amusements, and who holds art and artists in equal contempt, takes it upon himself to say that his young master is not at home. A lively dispute follows, until the boy-sculptor himself appears upon the scene, in a similar cap, only with a red wing in it, to match with his red kilt, and the scarlet sash around his waist. The two, in gay defiance of Urbino, go out together to sketch and paint, and the old servant is left to grumble at such wicked goings on, and hint that some mischief is afoot.

So far all was well. Lizzie acted splendidly. The applause was loud and frequent; and Mr. Rollins, though evidently a little daunted by the unexpected splendor of Michael Angelo's Highland costume, joined vigorously in. And now the plot thickens!

Urbino informs old Mr. Buonorotti, as the children persisted in calling him, to Lizzie's great disgust, that his son is not behaving as well as could be desired. He says a great deal about low associates meaning principally poor Sebastian, and throws out dark suspicions as to the manner in which these

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young spendthrifts have wasted a large sum of money. The venerable sire in a particularly fantastic jacket over his red and grey skirt, and with his yellow hair in tight little curls all over his head, laments greatly over his son's conduct, and the estrangement between them is fostered by the devoted but disagreeable servant.

Now comes the grand scene in the Duke's garden ; where Michael Angelo amuses himself with making statues of the snow. In the original story, he moulds a Faun's head, which excites the admiration of Lorenzo and his suite until that nobleman suggests that its teeth are too perfect for its age ; whereupon the youthful sculptor knocks out a couple, and hollows the gum so skillfully that the praise is redoubled a hundred fold.

This scene had been somewhat of a poser to the children. To produce it was impossible ; to leave it out, would spoil everything ; and the whole play seemed in danger of falling through, when Lizzie's fertile little brain at last suggested an expedient. Instead of a Faun's head, which of course they could not get, they would have a flower girl, which certainly would be much prettier ; and if flower girls were not exactly in Michael Angelo's line, none of

How the Great Play was Acted.

them were wise enough to know it. The Duke should remark that the statue's face though beautiful, was too grave, and the boy with a few happy touches should alter the expression into an enchanting smile.

The idea took so well that the actors enlarged on it; and, when the Duke in gorgeous attire, and with large red bows on his shoes entered the garden followed by his



How the Great Play was Acted.

magnificent suite of two small girls, Michael Anglo had already completed two full-sized figures. These statues were rightly considered the triumph of the evening. They were both carefully dressed in their best white frocks, and wore white stockings and no shoes. One of them, a pretty little blonde girl, stood with folded hands, as if in prayer; but the flower-girl held her basket in a gracefully uncomfortable position high above her head, and looked as if about to drop it and begin a hornpipe. Viola Middleton, aged ten, had been selected for this important post, because it was well known that no amount of fatigue could induce her to stir an inch, after she had been once "set up" for the admiration of the beholders. She was indeed motionless as a piece of marble, but in other respects did not much resemble a statue, being thin to skinniness, with a sharp, eager little face, and great, dark, flashing eyes, suggestive of anything but a snow image.

However, the audience was not critical. The Duke di Medici and his suite expressed their surprise, as well they might, at the excellence of the work; and Michael Angelo, at his patron's suggestion, altered the flower girl's very glum expression into a severely forced smile which enraptured every one. The statue, notwithstanding that her bare brown

How the Great Play was Acted.

arms were thin enough to have passed through a napkin ring, was then voted a model of loveliness, and the happy artist was crowned with laurel, before the eyes of his delighted father.

The next scene was in the Castle of Capresse, the birthplace of Michael Angelo; but by way of heightening the effect the statues were retained, and would have done duty as marble figures with great success, had not Miss Muddleson in the very midst of the act, sent word to the flower girl to lower arms, as she was plainly much fatigued from their strained position. The order was obeyed, but it was felt to be an action that destroyed the realistic effect of the whole scene, and even Viola was not half as grateful as she might have been for the well-meant interference. Now it was made clear to all that Michael Angelo was not only a successful artist, but a model son. The money had not been wasted on foolish friends, but given in an eccentric manner to a poor and starving family. The happy father in a transport of joy, exclaims, "Come to my arms, my beloved son!" The son rushes into the paternal embrace! The mischief-making servant weeps for joy that all is made clear, just as if it had not been his fault from the first, and with a gush of tender-

How the Great Play was Acted.

ness on the part of all the actors, the play came to a triumphant close.

This was the part most dreaded by poor Minnie. She had begged hard to have the embrace left out, but Lizzie was inexorable, and Michael Angelo himself enjoyed it, so it was gone through with although when the happy father called upon his son to come to his arms, it was noticed that he took a step backwards, as if to avoid the shock, and seemed extremely glad when he got rid of him. Perhaps this was because the joyful boy in his transports managed to knock over a little table which furnished the entire apartment, and which, as though conscious of its deficiencies, and anxious to do its best, fell to the floor with crash enough for a whole set of chairs and sofas. Even this would not have been so bad, if Lorenzo the Magnificent, who was always distinguished by his obliging disposition, had not forgotten his high rank and sprung forward to pick it up ; while Urbino stood calmly by, as though accustomed every day to have the cream of the Italian nobility do the work he so haughtily disregarded.

However the applause was so loud and long that the actors felt justly complemented, and it was announced that by way of epilogue, there would now

How the Great Play was Acted.

be presented the sorrowful tableau of Michael Angelo's Death.

Accordingly, after five minute's wait, the curtain again rose, and revealed the touching spectacle of the great sculptor on his death bed, which consisted of two chairs well draped with shawls. Apparently time had told but little upon him, for he did not look a day older, than when, as a boy, he modelled snow images in the Duke's garden. His dark hair still curled closely around his smooth plump face, and even his clothes, so well had he taken care of them during a long and eventful life, were as fresh and handsome as in those by-gone days.

The baker's cap and the wooden sword had indeed disappeared, but all the rest was unchanged; while around his couch in graceful attitudes knelt his father the Duke, Sebastian and Urbino, equally unaltered, and weeping into clean white handkerchiefs. And now from behind the scenes were heard the plaintive notes of "Home, Sweet Home," played with much skill and beauty by a clever little Irish girl, on that saddest of all musical instruments — a comb.

It was too much!

Several times during the progress of the play, had Mr. Rollins seemed more or less affected; but at this point, his feelings overcame him, and he buried his

How the Great Play was Acted.

face in his own handkerchief, while his whole frame shook convulsively, it is to be presumed, with sobs. Stifled sounds, which somewhat resembled weeping broke out in different parts of the room and midst a silence more telling than the loudest applause, the curtain for the last time was slowly lowered, and the great event was over.

SOME BAD BOYS OF BY-BURY.

BYBURY village was quite famous, in my day, for its smart boys — about a dozen of them, pretty near of an age, bright scholars, good fellows generally, and wide awake for any enterprise.

There could be stories told about their adventures, their camping-out, their fishing and boating trips, their many doings on land and water ; but I was not there to see. I was not one of them.

Poor little Andy ! ” they called me, for I was a cripple. Perhaps it was because I could not run, nor climb, nor do anything, hardly, that I admired them the more.

Fourth of July was their great day, of course ; it is the boys’ day everywhere in this land of freedom. They began it by ringing a certain church bell the moment midnight struck, which was the signal for all

Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

the little cannons to blaze out. There were six churches in Bybury, and two of them had bells, which these youngsters had christened "Liberty Bell," and "Prohibition Bell." They were allowed to ring the former just as much as they pleased — and for that reason they did not care anything about it : they were forbidden to touch the other till sunrise of the Fourth — and for that reason they were determined to begin with it on the midnight before ; and they always managed to do it.

Their only opposer was Captain Milliken, who had no motive in the world for the opposition, only once having said that he did not want it rung, he was bound to have his way — there are a good many such people. The boys liked the old gentleman, but they determined not to be beaten ; and when you take twelve boys against one man, you may be sure that there's mischief ahead. His only right of refusal was in the fact that he was sexton, and also owned more pews in the meeting-house than any other man. However, from year to year the townspeople said, "Let them ring ! It is a better way to celebrate than to use so much powder."

On this particular Fourth, Captain Milliken made great boasts that he had got the doors and windows so securely fastened that the boys would have to give it

Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

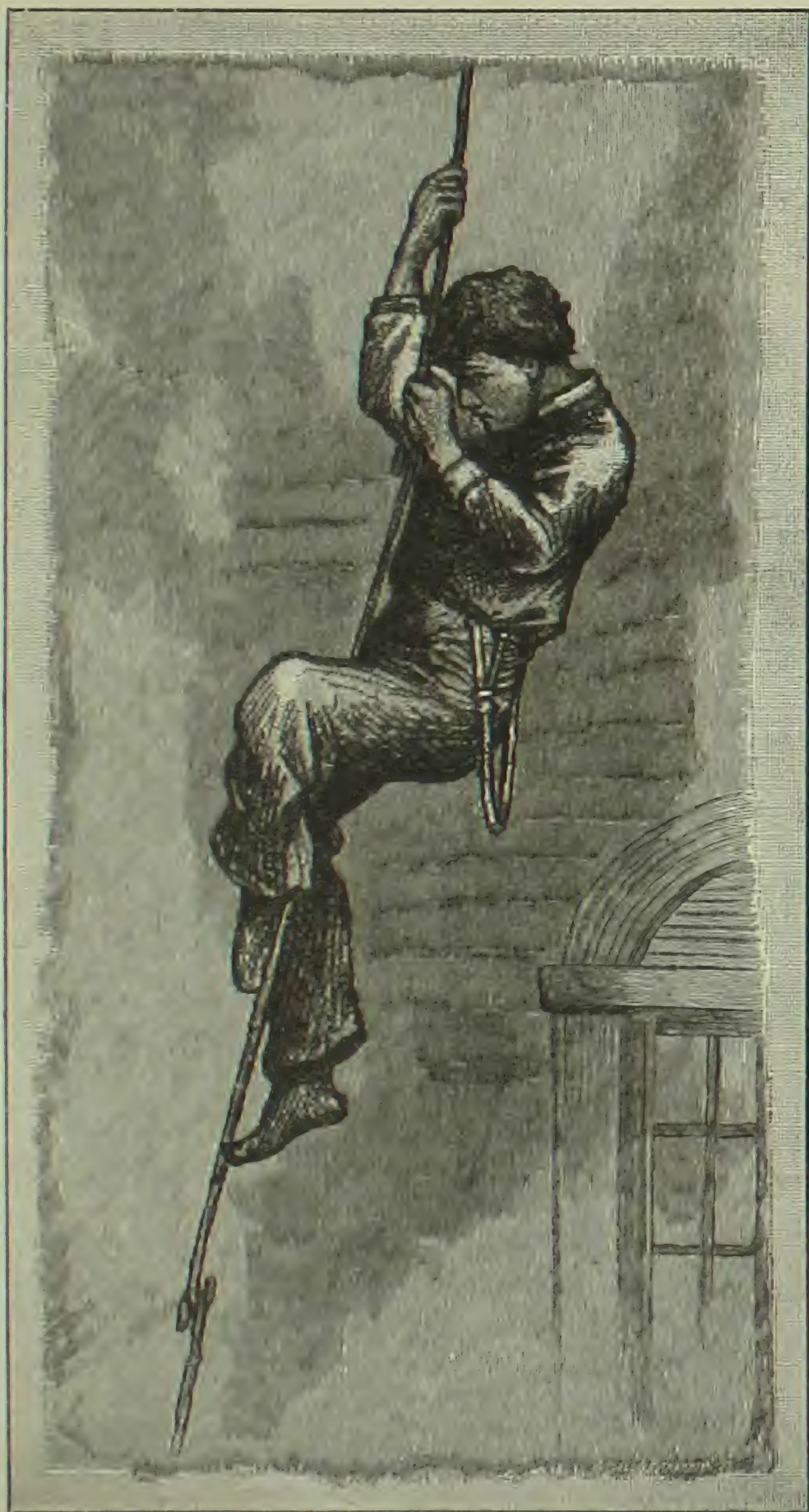
up. That being equal to a challenge, no boy of any spunk, and certainly no Bybury boy, *would* give it up. The evening before the Fourth there was a mysterious gathering in an unoccupied house near by; and to this rendezvous one of the big boys, Tom Miliken, the Captain's nephew, carried me on his back. "Because," said he, "we want your help."

It turned out that they all intended to get about two hours' sleep on some old carriage robes which they spread on the floor, and at half-past eleven sharp I was to call them and then wait orders.

It was a lovely night, warm, dewy, starry, but so still! The villagers had gone to bed early to have a little repose before the inevitable cannonading begun — they always did at Bybury, for there was no sleep after midnight in that neighborhood till that set of boys had outgrown "celebrating." They seemed long hours to me, for, trusting to my known wakefulness, every boy of them had dropped off, and I sat curled up by a window with Tom's watch in my pocket, till the time slipped by.

Punctual to the moment I had them up; and after a whispered consultation they went out to try means of ingress, while I kept watch and was to signal if any one approached.

"It's no good to try, for the Commodore" — that



HAND OVER HAND, IN THE DARKNESS.

Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

was what they called him — “has been as good as his word. So now for it!” said Tom, at last, and pulling off his shoes and cap, he began to climb the lightning-rod.

If you do not know how the rods used to be put up on meeting-houses, you will not understand the foolhardiness of this proceeding. Instead of following the walls of the building — in which case the risk would have been fearful enough — the rod descended slanting in mid-air from the belfry, far out to the main building, so that for a long distance it was out in space, swaying at the least touch ; then from the eaves it run down the side of the house, and then was supposed to be secured firmly in the ground. But this one had been broken off a yard or more at the bottom, so it was rather a shaky and uncertain thing at the best, besides being constructed in pieces which were hooked together in a loose way. It was rough and rusty, and about as large round as a man's thumb. Such was the ladder by which Tom Milliken proposed to climb up to the high bell tower, on the dark side of the church, with no light to guide him except what came from the stars.

Tom Milliken was not afraid of anything ; but now, when the boys saw him slowly going up, hand over hand, in the darkness, they began to realize what

Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

a perilous feat it was, and begged in low voices :

“Tom ! Tom ! do come down ! Let’s give it up !”

But Tom whispered back, “Stop your noise ! take care of my cap and shoes, and stop your noise !”

Not a word was spoken after that. Almost breathless the boys watched from below, holding fast the end of the rod to steady it, while I crept out and secured the cap and shoes. Meanwhile Tom gained the eaves, where he rested a few minutes before beginning the most dangerous part of the ascent. Slowly moving up, we saw his dark form against the sky ; then we lost sight of him as he swung into the shadow ; but in a moment he appeared climbing over the balustrade into the belfry.

I am sure we all felt like shouting our joy, but we kept silent and listened. Presently we heard him cautiously raising the trap door ; then creaking down the narrow, shaky stairs, which had long been considered unsafe, but yet allowed to remain as they were ; then he was blundering through the dark gallery ; and at last he was fumbling at the hasp which secured the vestry door on the inside.

Then they all rushed in, and old “Prohibition Bell” was rung as it had never been rung before — “*Ding-dong, ding-dong,*” as fast as it could go, it sounded on the still midnight air, and was echoed

Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

back from the hills, rousing the whole village ; heads were popped out of windows along the street, and suppressed laughter was heard, for everybody knew how confident the Commodore had been.

The boys had rung it furiously for about ten minutes, and the little cannons had begun to speak on every corner, when from my watch-window I spied a lantern in the Commodore's door-yard. In another minute I had scattered the ringers ; and by the time he had appeared on the scene of action with the blacksmith, whom he had routed from his bed, there was not a boy visible, except the small fellows with their cannons on the nearest cross street, who were unable to tell him anything, simply because they did not know.

The culprits, however, were all within hearing, and lost not a word of the old gentleman's strong assertions, spoken loud on purpose for their ears, which he was shrewd enough to suppose were within hearing, that he would find out "who they are ; and I'll prosecute every one of them to the fullest extent of the law."

The two men searched everywhere, even to the belfry, from which their lantern shone like a beacon, and they tried every window and looked into every pew ;

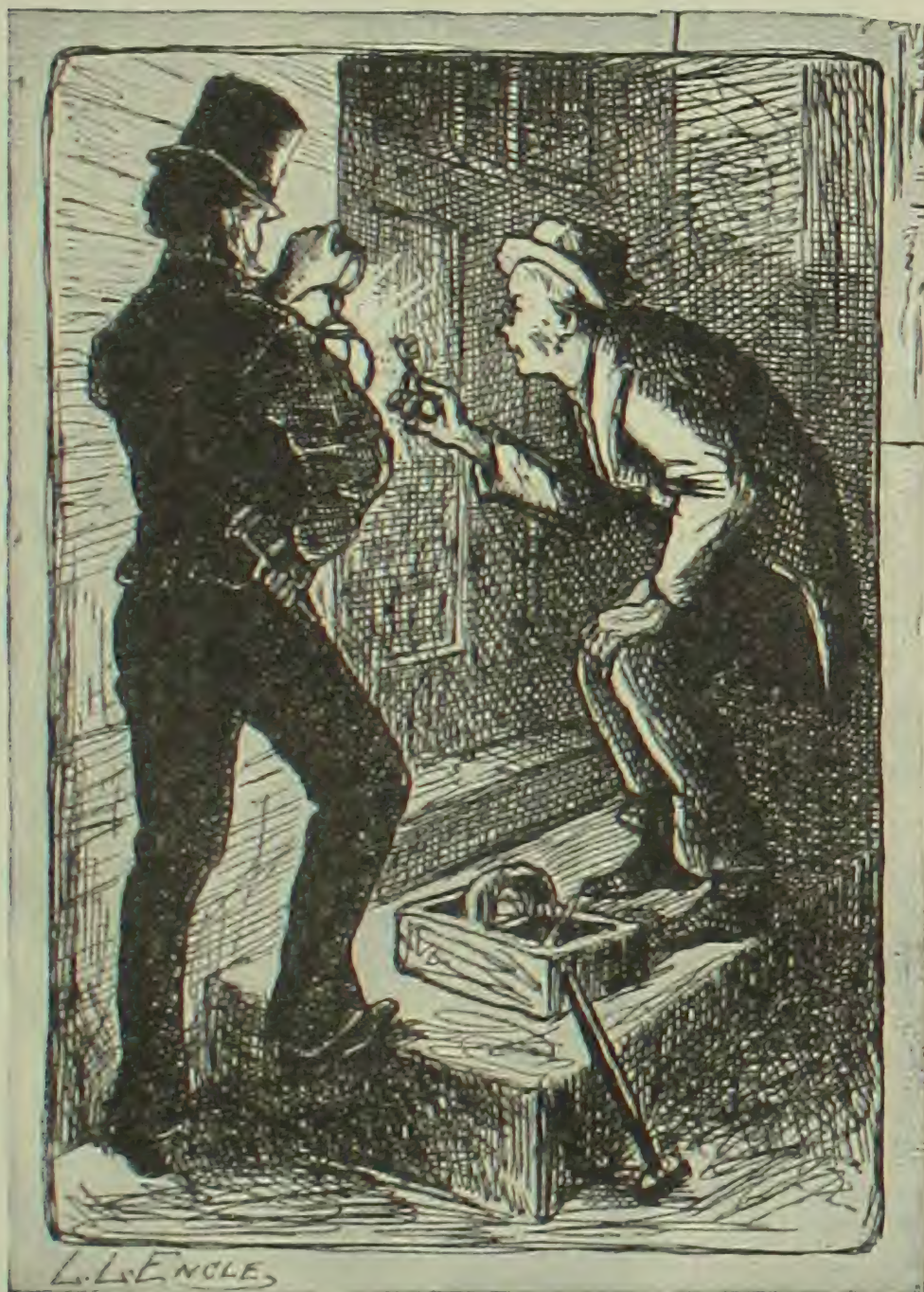
Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

then, giving it up, the blacksmith put a padlock on the outer door, and they departed.

The boys gave them just time enough to get home; then, at my sign, they started up from their hiding-places, and the bell began to toll, deep and strong and quick. Tom, who had planned for every possible contingency, had carried in his pocket, when he climbed up, a strong cord wound round a pebble to which one end was secured; the other he had tied to the clapper of the bell; then, unwinding, he had hurled the stone back down over the sheds; and now they were using this strong cord with a will.

The bell had boomed furiously for a few minutes, when the lantern appeared again in the Commodore's yard, and back he came with his companion. They found the church all right — not a window unfastened, and every door secure; so re-locking the outer ones, they proceeded to an inspection of the sheds. But while they were still in the vestibule, bending over the inner lock, Tom had slipped in and hidden himself in the wood closet. It did not require much searching on the part of the men to find the cord, which they tried to break by their united efforts, and succeeded by sawing it along the edge of the roof.

And now the sexton was so sure that the bell would be at rest for the remainder of the night that



THE COMMODORE MAKES SURE.

Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

he laughed at the blacksmith when he proposed that they should sit on the meeting-house steps with their lantern and watch till daybreak, which was not very far off. He dispersed the small boys, bidding them, "Go home and go to bed, and come again at sunrise, then *I* will ring the bell *myself*; and *you* may all ring till your hands are blistered. As for those rascals," raising his voice, "if they have broken so much as a pane of glass in this house, I will have the law on them to-morrow!"

The boys had a pretty busy night of it, but they were not through yet. As soon as the familiar lantern had vanished in the Commodore's house, a window in the church was gently raised, a dark lantern in Tom's hand shone a moment there was a good deal of climbing in and out, of low talking, and the sound of tools being used, and certain other sounds, strongly suggesting that something was going on in the belfry. Then the boys dispersed just at daylight, agreeing to keep watch and see what happened next.

Promptly at sunrise came the sexton, and a crowd of small boys at his heels; a few men, too, had lounged along to the church steps, and looked in as he threw open the doors.

"And now," shouted the Commodore, "you may

Some Bad Boys of Bybury

have all the ringing you want. This is early enough for all orderly folks !”

So the little fellows snatched at the rope, and jerked with all their might — with no result.

“ Oh ! clear out !” said he, “ and see *me* do it ! There ! *That's* the way to ring !” pulling with one vigorous sweep of his right arm, which drew the rope clear to the floor ; and so he kept on for a minute or two, a puzzled expression coming over his face ; then suddenly he called to the men outside. “ Seems to me this bell don't ring, or else I have gone deaf all at once ! Hey ? ”

“ No,” cried one of the small boys, “ 'tain't making no sound, Captain.”

The Commodore pulled and tugged, then took off his coat and worked away till his face was in a blaze, and beads of perspiration rolled down his cheeks.

“ Those young rascals !” he said, “ They must have tied the clapper.” Upon which, two men volunteered to go up and see. They soon returned with the intelligence that the clapper was “ gone entirely.” But the Commodore could not believe it, or was so obstinate that he *would* not till he had the evidence of his own eyes. Sure enough — gone it was.

Nor did it re-appear in its proper place till the

Some Bad Boys of Bybury.

next Saturday night. When the sexton went to ring for church on Sunday morning, there it was, as if nothing had happened. Of course it made the talk of the town, and everybody thought that Bybury village had some rather remarkable boys. They were now given full permission to ring that bell as much as they wanted to at midnight before every coming Fourth of July as long as they lived ; *but* because they *could* do it, they did not care to, and never did, after that memorable occasion. And their secret has been kept all of these years — the boys are now men — and nobody knows to this day who took that clapper off and put it on again.

MISS VIOLET.

“O H, mother dear, you will, you must let me go !”

“I don't see how I can, Mary. In the first place, I don't approve of your visiting where you will get such high notions in your head as you will be sure to get at Mrs. Van Voorst's ; and, in the second place, you have nothing suitable to wear at such a place. Oh, Mary, don't tease me ; I don't want you to go, for I know it will be bad for you in the end. You will get accustomed to a life that is just as much separated from yours as the Queen of England's, and when you come back you will be discontented and pining for what you have left behind.”

“Mother, it is Violet Van Voorst herself that I want to visit a great deal more than anything else, though I shall enjoy beautiful Newport, too. And

Miss Violet.

it's so kind of her mother to wish to give me this pleasure; and she wants me, too, not merely out of kindness but because she loves me."

Mrs. Harwood knitted her brows slightly. She had seen a good deal of trouble, and perhaps that was the reason she had for looking down on school-girl friendships.

"If Miss Violet Van Voorst loves you so much, *why* didn't she come oftener to see you when she was at school here?" she asked her eager daughter presently, and a little bitterly, perhaps.

"Mother, you always discouraged my bringing her home with me after that once, you know," answered Mary Harwood a little shyly.

"Well, I dare say I did, Mary; for that once, as you call it, was rather an unfortunate visit. There was nothing in the world for tea but cold bread and butter and cookies, and I remember that the boys had come in and flung all their fishing-tackle in the front entry."

"But Violet was so pleased with everything, mother. You know how she praised your bread, and that delicious butter of ours, and how she apologized for eating so many cookies; and when you spoke of the boys' fishing-tackle she laughed, and said it was just like *her* brothers."

Miss Violet..

"Oh, your Miss Violet knows how to say polite things, Mary; but, all the same, I shouldn't care to be patronized by a fashionable young lady," returned Mrs. Harwood laughing a little, but quite in earnest.

Mary did not reply. It was of no use she said to herself, for mother did not understand Violet, and would be sure to think she did the wrong thing. After this conversation she was no little surprised the next morning to hear her mother say :

"Mary, I have thought that perhaps I am not doing right by keeping you from visiting Violet Van-Voorst. You are sixteen, now, and ought to face things for yourself, I dare say, and to see all sides. I didn't mean to be hard last night; but I don't like fashionable life and its follies, and I hated to think of my sensible Molly being hurt by them. But I have come to think if you want to go so much, child, perhaps it is better that you should, else you may think all your life that your cross, old mamsey has made you miss what you can never make up."

"O, mamsey darling, you're never cross. I *know* you are always thinking of my good, and this—O, mamsey—this is so just and kind of you!"

The mother and daughter kissed each other, and then the happy Molly flew off to commence her little preparations for her visit to lovely Newport and Vio-



MRS. HARWOOD CONSENTS.

Miss Violet.

let Van Voorst. But, first of all, she must write to her friend that her kind invitation was accepted, and what day and hour she might expect her.

When Miss Violet received this letter she was standing on the lawn of her summer home at Newport, waiting for her pony phaeton, and chatting to a very handsome young girl about her own age.

"A letter for you, Miss Violet," said a groom, doffing his hat as he handed out Molly Harwood's neat little missive.

Violet tore open the envelope and glanced rapidly down the page.

"Oh, she is coming! I was so afraid that she wouldn't," she exclaimed joyfully after this glance.

"Who's coming, if I may ask, Vy?" inquired Miss Margie Dearborn.

"Mary Harwood, a dear girl I knew when I was at Sherwood School. She was a day scholar, and used to walk over from Hollingsford, a distance of three miles, every morning, and back at night."

"Why did she do that? For her health?"

"Because they had no horses or carriages, Miss Margie."

"Oh! I thought all the people who lived in the country had horses, or at least one horse, Vy," commented Miss Margie rather wonderingly.

Miss Violet.

“All farmers do, I suppose, but Mary Harwood was not a farmer’s daughter. Her father was dead, and she and her mother and little brothers lived in a little country town — Hollingsford, three miles from Sherwood. They were not rich people at all. I sometimes used to think they might be quite poor ; but Mary was so nice, the nicest girl in school. I want you to call upon her when she is here, Margie, and be very sweet to her.”

Margie nodded her head carelessly, with a pleasant “of course” to her friend’s request, and the next moment the two girls were bowling along the avenue in the pretty basket phaeton, Violet holding the reins with a practised hand.

Three hours later, as the Providence boat steamed up to the Newport wharf, Mary Harwood, looking anxiously from the forward deck, saw the basket phaeton and its pretty owner, with the natty little groom in the little back seat — or, properly speaking, *the rumble* of the carriage. All the way in the cars and in the boat, Mary had been anticipating this meeting with her friend with unalloyed pleasure ; now, as she caught sight of the stylish turnout, with the glittering, many-buttoned little groom perched on guard as it were, there flashed over her, involuntarily, all the things her mother had said in regard

Miss Violet.

to the difference in her life and that of this lovely Miss Violet. One thing specially came to her — almost the last thing her mother had said to her :

“You mustn’t expect, Mary, that a girl situated like Violet Van Voorst will *continue* to feel the interest in you that she does now. You are new and fresh to her just now, but when she is fully launched in the gay world where she belongs, you must make up your mind to lose her.”

When Mrs. Harwood had said this Mary had resolutely refused to believe it, though she spoke not a word to her mother of her rebellious state of mind. But now, in sight of Violet, transformed into such a gay little princess, sitting there as if upon a little throne with her body-guard, her mother’s warning words came back upon her with a cold chill, and not even the princess’ bright face and warm kiss of welcome could quite restore her old feeling of trust and happiness.

And it was this feeling that, like a vague shadow, seemed to be perpetually looking over her shoulder, and clouding the sunshine all through the first days of her visit. In these days her letters to her mother were mostly made up of descriptions of Newport—the cliffs, the glen, the famous old fort, and the rest of the fascinations of the historic old town.

Miss Violet.

And Mrs. Harwood, reading these letters and observing how little was said of her "dear Violet," and the Van Voorst family, commented to herself in this style, after her critical, suspicious fashion :

"Poor little Molly ! it's just as I knew it would be. She's finding out that when fashionable people are in their own world, they don't need simple little folk like her, who have no fine feathers, to reflect credit upon them. It is as well, perhaps, that she should learn this early, but I do hope they won't make her unhappy."

But while Mrs. Harwood was making up her mind to these dismal conclusions, Mary was learning quite another lesson than her mother supposed, and on the third week of her visit, just a week after the third of the series of letters which had convinced Mrs. Harwood that her prophecies were being fulfilled, the good lady was astonished by the receipt of the following :

"DEAR MOTHER : I have waited until now before I said anything about Violet herself and the home-life here, for I wanted to be *certain sure* — as I used to say when I was a little girl — of the reality before I gave my opinion or criticism ; for you know you



AT THE VAN VOORST'S.

Miss Violet.

were always warning me not to jump at conclusions in my enthusiasm.

“Well now, dear mamsey, I am going to begin at the very beginning and tell you everything. Violet met me as I told you at the boat. But as I have *not* told you, suddenly, when I first caught sight of her sitting in that elegant little phaeton, with the sleek pony all a-glitter in the silver-mounted harness, and the smart groom perched up in the rumble, glittering like the pony, and Violet holding the long white reins in her long, white driving-gloves, it all came over me like a flash what you had said about the difference in our lives as it never had before, and there in the warm sunshine I felt as if a shadow had settled down upon me which would never lift; for I felt as if you had guessed it all right—that Violet in her own world *could* not care for me as she had in dear old Sherwood, and I should find it out in a thousand ways.

“Even when the dear, pretty creature seized me and kissed me so affectionately a moment afterwards, I couldn’t put aside my misgivings. I kept thinking ‘Oh, if this is only the first glimpse of all the splendor what will the rest be, and what can a girl who lives in fairy-land want of a little plain country-girl like me?’

Miss Violet.

“Well, up from the boat we drove through the narrowest, queerest old street, right past a house where George Washington had his headquarters a hundred years ago, and crossing through still another narrow, old street we came to Bellevue avenue, and were presently at Violet’s home. I’ve told you before, mamsey, how beautiful it all was, with its velvet lawn, and its piazzas and long windows, and lovely furniture, partly of silk and partly of that exquisite Wakefield rattan manufacture. But I haven’t told you yet how as we went in and Violet’s mother, whom Violet always calls ‘mamma,’ who was just then coming along the hall, stopped and put out her pretty, slim hand to me, and said she was pleased to see me and hoped I had a pleasant journey ; and how *then* she seemed so pleasantly indifferent to me and to Violet, too, as if it was a nice, polite, little speech she might have said to anybody she had never heard of.

“And then directly after we had dinner in a great dining-room, with Florentine mosaics on the wall, and what seemed to me then a crowd of company. It was in reality an aunt and uncle of Violet’s who are staying here, and two other ladies and one gentleman who had been invited for that day. Of course they were all older than Violet and I, and so,

Miss Violet.

of course, they talked of things that were of interest to themselves and that we didn't know about, or that *I* didn't at least. Well, like a foolish girl, I felt this, because it was so different from Sherwood ways where we girls were all in all ; or at Hollingsford where the young people are of so much consequence. Violet didn't seem to mind it, however, and talked to me in her old way in an undertone.

“ So things went on from day to day, Mrs Van Voorst, who is a very elegant and accomplished woman, going into society and entertaining at her own house not only fashionable but people distinguished in different ways. I don't know what I thought, but I suppose I expected to be taken notice of by these people, just as I used to be at Hollingsford by Dr. Ryder and Professor Roy. But nothing of the kind occurred. They would speak to us pleasantly, now and then, and now and then Violet would chat a little with one of them, but we were really treated a good deal like nice children ; and I, who had been used to ‘speaking up’ to everybody, and giving my opinion upon everything, from Tennyson's poems to the latest theological discussions, and to think it very smart to do so, felt very much astonished that I was of no more importance, and I began to have, by-and-by, a sober feeling that all this

Miss Violet.

neglect was because of my being a little country girl, with no fine relations and no money.

“During this time several of Violet’s friends had been to see me — young girls like ourselves — but I didn’t feel at ease with them, for the reason that I had been cherishing a suspicious spirit ever since my arrival.

“Well, to come now to the grand point. Last Wednesday, a week ago, Violet gave a lawn party. Stretching back of the house there is a beautiful great lawn, which is in full view of the sea, and on this various pretty tents were put up, croquet hoops set, and all kinds of lovely arrangements. It was a day party, of course, and I wore my white dress with pink ribbons, and rosebuds from the greenhouse which Violet brought to me. Then I took the black velvet off of my white straw hat, and plaited that old white lace scarf that you gave me about the crown, and twisted up the ends with a knot of roses and pink ribbon. Violet was delighted with the effect, and I think, mamsey, I did look very well.

“And I felt pretty well, too, and had a very nice time until Margie Dearborn, Violet’s next-door neighbor here, started a new game or play, which somebody brought from abroad recently, called ‘The Ambassador.’ I won’t explain it in detail

Miss Violet.

now, but will just say that one has to know something of geography and French to answer the questions and be a successful player. Well, though I can read French quite well you know I can't speak it, and geography is one of my weak points.

"Foolishly enough I had allowed Margie Dearborn, the week before, to think I was a very fine linguist. She had found me reading a French newspaper, and something she said, I've forgotten what, irritated me in my suspicious mood, and I replied, 'I shouldn't think I knew much if I didn't understand French. It's a great deal easier than the English language,' which is true, of course, in one way; but Margie thought I meant it in quite a different way — that of being complete mistress of it.

"Well, we went on swimmingly in 'The Ambassador' until I had to pay a forfeit. Then I was sent to France as the Spanish ambassador. 'From what country do you come?' I was asked. Then, 'What is the capital?'

"And, O, mamsey! I answered '*Granada*.'

"Only think of it; and there was Mrs. Van Voorst and her sister and two or three other ladies looking on.

"The next thing, I was addressed in French and expected to answer in that language. Simple phrases

Miss Violet.

enough ; for all these girls talk French very readily, because they have had French *bonnes* or nurses, and most of their mothers have French maids, and have lived abroad some time. But I couldn't answer a word, for I couldn't understand them, and forgot what little I did know.

“Oh, mamsey ! I thought I should sink through the ground with mortification as I caught Margie Dearborn's eye, and as I faced all of them so stupidly — I, Violet's friend, of whom she had talked so admiringly, as I knew she had !

“And just then when a great wave of color was blazing into my cheeks, Violet came forward and said softly, ‘The Spanish ambassador has not been to France before, and he cannot understand our rapid careless French though he can read it better than we can.’

“And then mamsey — then what do you think Mrs. Van Voorst whom I thought such an indifferent fine lady, did ? — she rose and came forward and said sweetly, ‘And I must break up the court at once, and take the Spanish ambassador and all the rest of this fine company to the banquet that is served for them,’ and she slid my hand over her arm and smiled down upon me like an angel of goodness. And she took us the whole length of the gar-

Miss Violet.

den, mamsey, to give time for one of the men to whom she spoke to hurry up the supper — for it wasn't nearly ready, though she had pretended that it was, just out of pure kindness to save me from any further mortification. And when supper was really served in the big tent, all the girls followed her example and were just as pleasant and kind to me as possible.

"Afterwards when I was alone with Violet, I thanked her for her sweetness and told her how much I appreciated her mother's kindness to me, and I confessed to a good deal of my own foolish feeling too. And Violet, mamsey, looked at me in amazement, and said to me, 'Oh, Molly, don't praise me, for trying to retrieve my great blunder.'

"I asked her what she meant, and then she told me that she ought not to have allowed 'The Ambassador' to be played, because she knew that I couldn't *speak* French fluently, but that she forgot for the moment. 'And mamma was so displeased with me,' she went on eagerly — 'she said that she wouldn't have thought I could have been guilty of such a rudeness to my guests, as to allow a game to be played in which they might be mortified.'

"Oh, Mamsey, doesn't this prove how much in the wrong I have been in my suspicious judgments? There are, of course, people in high position who are

Miss Violet.

not ladies or gentlemen, but the Van Voorsts are not of this kind. They are "real people" Mamsey, who believe in the best things; and it needed just this experience to show me what they were, and to remove the little scales of prejudice from my eyes, that I might see that under all the smooth, elegant surface which I thought lacked our country heartiness, there was really the most delicate courtesy. I thought sharply, the Hollingsford girls would have joked and teased any one, placed as I was — their own fault, partly, too. I can see very plainly that these little ceremonies and fine manners, which at first seemed to keep me at a distance, are really helps oftentimes to the real, polite feeling towards others.

"Mamsey dear, I am coming home to you next week, with not a bit of envy for all this new life, but with a new idea for the old life, for which I shall always be better, as I shall always be your loving
MOLLY."

When Mrs. Harwood came to the end of this long letter, there were tears in her eyes. She spoke softly: "The child is right, she will always be the better for this experience; and so shall I, for I shan't make up my mind quite so hastily again about the 'other side.'"

DAISY'S BUST.

DAISY Hunt has two heads ; but for all that you must not think of her as looking at all like the picture of the two-headed girl which some of you may have seen. She is, in fact, just like any other little girl, for she only carries one of her heads on her plump little shoulders.

Her mamma keeps the other on a stand in the parlor. This "best head," as Daisy calls it, looks just like Daisy's own, except that it is always quiet and perfectly white, even to the rounded cheeks and rose-bud lips.

One afternoon, when Daisy came in to get another cookie for her picnic under the trees, she overheard her father and mother talking about a bust which they had decided to have Mr. Irving make of their baby. This Mr. Irving was a young sculptor who

Daisy's Bust.

had lately opened a studio in the city and was already spoken of, as having considerable talent.

Now, Daisy had no idea what a bust might be. But she was sure it was something nice, like buns perhaps, and without waiting for any more definite information, rushed out in quite a little flutter of excitement and importance to astonish her favorite play-fellow, Harry Edson. Her triumph was of short duration, however, as it usually was with Harry who had a talent for "taking her down," as he called it.

She soon came back crying:

"I don't want to be busted, and I won't be busted, 'cause if I am I'll have to be an angel and go to Heaven. Harry Edson says so!"

Her father comforted her with the assurance that she was far from being an angel, and that busts had nothing whatever to do with Heaven.

She was to give Mr. Irving his first sitting the next afternoon, and started off in fine spirits when the time came, saying "good-by" to Harry, who stood at the gate, in her most patronizing and condescending manner. Her fears returned, however, as she climbed the narrow stair-way, and stood trembling and clinging to her mamma's hand before the studio door. But she forgot all about them when the door opened and a young man with a red Turkish fez on his

Daisy's Bust.

head and daubs of clay all over him, not excepting his lips, stood smiling and bowing before them. He invited them in a large room destitute of furniture, save a stove, several chairs, two stands on which were unfinished heads wrapped in wet cloths, and several figures and heads displayed on shelves in one corner. In another corner a large lump of clay was doing duty as a cane and umbrella stand.

Daisy's attention was attracted by the figures ; but she had little time to notice them for almost before she knew it her things were off and she was perched in a chair on top of a platform while Mr. Irving was patting and pressing a lump of clay that had previously been stuck on a stick fastened to a stand.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked, her eyes opening wide with wonder and curiosity.

"Make you a head," answered Mr. Irving, twisting the clay around the stick and moulding it with his hands into the desired shape.

"But I've got one now," said the child rubbing her hands over her bonny brown hair.

"Then we'll give mamma this one to look at when you take the other out to play."

"Oh yes! and she can have that one to wash," answered Daisy who had an idea that her mother washed her for her own amusement.

Daisy's Bust.

Mamma and Mr. Irving laughed at this, and the latter went on with his work pressing his thumbs into the soft clay and making two dents where the eyes were to be.

"Of course," he said, turning to Mrs. Hunt, "I can only get the size and general out-lines to-day, and at the next sitting I shall work on the features."

Then he went on pressing and moulding, occasionally wetting the clay to keep it soft; and Daisy watched with increasing interest as he pinched up a nose, rounded the lips, shaped a chin and fashioned ears until the lump of clay really took on the semblance of a child's head, although as yet, it looked no more like Daisy than any one else. "That was to come later," Mr. Irving said.

He next took a compass and measured Daisy's head; the thickness from ear to ear; from the front of the head to the back; from the top of the head to the little snub nose, and from that to the end of the chin; the distance from temple to temple; and the depth of the forehead; moulding and shaping the plastic clay accordingly, scraping off a bit here and sticking on a bit there, until mamma said it was time for Daisy to go home.

Then Mr. Irving wrapped the clay Daisy in a wet

Daisy's Bust.

cloth and helped the real Daisy on with her cloak.

Our little girl was now very enthusiastic over her bust and talked about it so much that Harry was disgusted and bragged about the time when he should be President of the United States, or a policeman with gilt buttons — he wasn't sure which.

"Why Harry!" exclaimed Daisy, "I thought you were going to be a horse-car driver and let me ride free!"

"I was; but I shan't now, you feel so big!"

Daisy was just going to cry when her mother called her to come in and get ready to go to the studio; so she laughed instead, and told Harry she guessed he'd feel big if he was going to have a new head.

This time she was to go with her big sister Kate, and watched that young lady arrange her hair, with the greatest interest.

"Oh! I'm so glad you're going to let the end hang down," she exclaimed, hopping around on one foot. "I like big Kates with long curls down their backs."

"O! you do!" said Kate turning and shaking her comb at her. "Well I like little Daisys that are ready when the car comes — and there's mamma calling you now."

Away rushed Daisy, but she was in such a flutter of

Daisy's Bust.

excitement that her poor mamma had hard work to get her into her little white dress with its pretty cambric trimmings.

It was accomplished at last, however, and Daisy was ready from the crown of her sailor-hat to the sole of her button-boot. Sister Kate was ready too, and they were soon rattling along in the open car where Daisy attracted considerable attention by her constant chatter and frequent allusions to her "new head."

Half way up the studio stairs Daisy stopped short :

"Why Kate, snuff up your nose and see what it is that smells so funny !"

"I think Dr. Payson," pointing to a dentist's room just ahead, "must be giving some ether to someone," said Kate snuffing up her nose as directed.

"Oh," said Daisy just as though she understood all about it.

Mr. Irving received them very cordially and showed them two heads which he was making—but what entertained Daisy more than anything else was her own bust on which Mr. Irving was soon engaged while she sat on her high perch and sister Kate looked on from the depths of a big easy chair.

"She has a very full forehead," said Mr. Irving, as he compared the clay Daisy with the real. "I

Daisy's Bust.

thought I had this full enough but I shall have to add a little to it now." And going to the heap in the corner he took a bit of clay, which he stuck on to the head before him, scraping and smoothing it into the proper shape.

"Oh dear me! your nose isn't long enough either," was his next exclamation as he measured it with the compass. He laughed heartily when Daisy put her hand to her own little nose with a frightened expression and assured her that he meant the other one, on to the end of which he stuck a little ball of clay.

"Now, she's got a wart," said Daisy.

"Yes, but she won't have it long," and sure enough, it soon vanished as he rounded the end and shaped the sides in exact imitation of Daisy's own. Then he shaped the nostrils by scraping the clay from the inside and cutting around the outside with a bit of wire fashioned on the end of a stick in the shape of an old fashioned egg-beater.

He spent a great deal of time over the eyes which he cut, giving the whole face a much more life-like expression than the flat closed eyes so often seen in works of this kind. Daisy had a perfect little rose-bud of a mouth and the artist took real pleasure in fashioning a similar one. He was very partic-

Daisy's Bust.

ular about the corners, and rounded and smoothed the lips, taking great pains with the little curving dent in the upper one.

"I had no idea the child's mouth was so pretty," said Kate, "but Mr Irving, do you think it is perfectly even — directly under the nose, I mean?"

The artist examined it from every possible angle even getting on his knees and looking up with critical eye.

"No, it *is* a little too far this way," he declared at last; and going to the stove (it was summer) he took from the oven a piece of wire with which he proceeded to cut out both mouth and chin.

"Oh! how can you! after spending so much time on it and succeeding so well!" exclaimed Kate, her face expressing astonishment and dismay.

Mr. Irving smiled and handed her the mouth to examine while he asked Daisy how she liked the looks of her other self with that big hole under her nose. She liked it no better than her big sister, and was not at all comforted by the assurance that Dr. Payson should fill the cavity with a set of false teeth. After teasing her a little, Mr. Irving took the mouth and put it carefully back, taking pains to have it perfectly even and directly under the nose. A few

Daisy's Bust.

skillful pinches and a little smoothing covered all traces of disturbance.

"How very convenient," said Kate. "If it had been in marble now, you could not have helped it."

"No, one mistake would spoil the whole. It sometimes happens, too, that a sculptor with one stroke of the chisel, brings to light a flaw in the marble when the statue is nearly finished and then everything is lost."

The eyes, nose, mouth and ears being finished to every one's satisfaction, Mr. Irving told Daisy that he was going to make his baby some hair. The way he began struck her as rather funny, to say the least; for instead of putting anything on, he scraped everything off until the top of the head was as smooth and round as the ivory head of her grandfather's cane. Then he covered every part that was to have hair with mosquito netting which was in turn covered with clay. The netting was to prevent his cutting into the head while working on the hair. It took but a short time to round the clay up from the forehead in wavy masses and fasten it with bow and ends in imitation of the ribbon with which Daisy's hair was tied.

It seemed as though the work must now be finished; but Mr. Irving said that he had yet to add

Daisy's Bust.

the lines and marks which were to give expression to the whole and make the likeness complete.

"It is very much harder to get the likeness of a child than a grown person," he observed studying the earnest little face before him. "There is so little that is marked in their faces — still if I get in these lines just right, anyone will be able to tell who it is."

When Daisy went home that night, Mr. Irving persuaded her to leave her lace bib, promising to show her something pretty the next time she came in. Sure enough! When she next visited the studio there was the clay Daisy adorned with a dainty lace bib precisely like her own. Mr. Irving had followed the exact pattern of the lace, putting the edging and insertion just where they belonged and not even forgetting the little frill around the throat. Mrs. Hunt was as much pleased as Daisy and expressed great admiration for the beautiful work and workmanship.

Every thing was now ready for the casting, and all the friends and relations came to inspect and approve or condemn before it was too late. Everyone was pleased, but some saw the likeness much plainer than others.

"When is it to be cast?" asked Mr. Hunt.



DAISY'S BUST.

Daisy's Bust.

"The man is coming down from Boston day after to-morrow," replied Mr. Irving. "I have done it but am so anxious to have this just right that I won't trust myself. There are men in Boston who couldn't model anything to save their lives, but make a business of casting the models of the sculptors, and they are very expert I assure you."

"Please tell us just how it is done," said Kate.

"Of course you know what calcined plaster is?" he began.

"Yes ; you mean the white powder that hardens so quickly after it is wet."

"Well, we first cover the whole thing with that, taking pains to have it reach every little crevice and hollow. As the first coat hardens we put on another, and so on until a thick coating is formed, leaving a little knob or bit of plaster on top to serve as a handle. We then scoop all the clay out through the opening at the bottom and of course, as the plaster fitted to every part of the clay, it contains an exact impression of it. The next step is to fill this hollow casting with the plaster for the real bust and when that hardens we have only to break the outside shell and obtain the head or whatever it may be. The skill lies in breaking the shell without harming the contents, and if one is inexperienced or careless

Daisy's Bust.

there is danger that he will break or mar the work."

"Is that all?" asked Kate.

"O, no! I shall smooth it off and work it up with a small chisel in order to give it a more finished appearance, and then I suppose you will want it painted. That will take away the plaster look and enable you to wash it.

"Yes," answered Mrs. Hunt, "I shall want it painted by all means, and I think a delicate flesh tint will be prettier than anything else."

It was several weeks before the bust was cast, painted and varnished, but every one was delighted with the result, and declared the likeness to be excellent. The head is on a little stand in the parlor as I told you at first; and the young sculptor who made it is in the city of Florence in Italy studying the works of the famous old masters and hoping to be famous himself some day. If he is you will be sure to hear of him; and I know Daisy will show you her "best head" if you call at her home.

THE GOOD FAIRY "KNOW HOW."

"**I** DO wish there were fairies now-a-days, who would have little wands, and say little says, and lo! and behold! you'd have on a new dress with slippers to match, and gloves with unlimited buttons! There is an invitation to a delightful reception at Mrs. Eldredge's. The wife of a French artist is to be there, and several people I'd give anything to see. But not a rag have I to wear — or rather I've nothing but rags to wear," said Ellen.

"I wish I was a fairy, and could give you pretty toilettes! I am sorry to have you miss seeing those pleasant people, you lead such quiet lives. But I've nothing left of my finery — except an old cream-colored silk skirt," replied her aunt.

"Thank you, aunty, dear," said Ellen, "but the fairy would have to go the whole figure with me. I

The Good Fairy "Know How."

can't make bricks without straw as Bell can. I have no faculty. The 'know how' is where I fail."

"I don't care if I do miss a common-place party," said Bell, "but I *shall* be sorry not to meet those charming people. I'll go to bed and see if I can't dream a dress. I'll use the old skirt as a fabric of my dream; aunty — is there much silk in it?"

"It's a full skirt — but there is no waist, you know."

"Aunty," said Bell, at breakfast, next morning, "do you think it would be wrong to spend two dollars on finery that will be no good afterward, and take two whole days or more to make it into a dress?"

"No," replied kind aunt Martha. "I'd gladly give you ten dollars, if I could, to have you go — you may never have the chance to meet those people again. You have nice boots?"

"Yes," laughed Bell, "I always buy nice boots the moment I get any money; for I can't make boots, but I can make bonnets and dresses. Now, hear my plan and behold my devices. I have been at work already. In painting this bit of ribbon, I happened to have too much water in my brush, and the colors run a little and gave this lovely wavy effect."

"And you mean to paint the skirt?" asked aunt Martha. "I'll do the sewing for you, gladly."

"But you can't get a waist, and a bonnet and fresh

The Good Fairy "Know How."

gloves for two dollars," said Ellen. "I have five dollars, but that wouldn't go any way at all."

Bell smiled, and began to paint the breadths as her aunt ripped and smoothed them. Little bouquets of roses and forget-me-nots, and fly-away grasses soon began to bloom all over them — it was lovely.

"Oh, dear," said Ellen, "how I wish I had learned to paint when you did! I had the same chance — but the beginning of things is always so stupid; I want to know how at once."

"Only the road of patient working leads to the fairy 'Know How,'" said aunty.

After the skirt was painted, Bell went shopping. Ellen laughed as she opened her sister's package.

"A waist of cream-colored silesia! oh, Bell, that will never pass for silk! And what have you bought five or six yards of swiss muslin for?"

"Wait and see," said Bell, full of business, laying her waist pattern on the silesia.

Very soon a jaunty jacket was cut from the muslin and the rest was laid aside for a sash.

The paints came out again now, and the same little bouquets that had bloomed on the skirt, began to appear on the muslin. Even lazy Ellen offered to baste; both she and aunt Martha were lost in admiration.

"What is your bonnet to be?"

The Good Fairy "Know How."

"To-morrow will show," said Bell.

They could not help laughing to see Bell add the brim of one old lace bonnet-frame to the crown of another, but it looked very fresh when the muslin was drawn over it. "You can't make artificial flowers," said aunty.

"Can't I?" said Bell.

These two who owned Bell, and who thought her a wonderful girl, shook their heads as she unfolded a sheet of pale pink tissue-paper.

"My child, you can't wear paper roses," said auntie.

"Can't I?" replied Bell.

With skillful fingers she twisted and pinched a cinnamon rose into blossom, in two minutes, and touched the heart with carmine. She made a little bunch of these roses and tied them together with a Frenchy little bow of blue ribbon.

"I don't know," said Bell, looking at her admiring spectators, "why paper is not as respectable as cloth. Why shouldn't I be a leader of fashion? However, to satisfy your fastidious souls, I will throw this bit of white illusion over the roses, and only let the blue bow peep out."

"But gloves!" said Ellen, "gloves! they are as hard to make as boots."

The Good Fairy "Know How."

"Yes," replied Bell, "but mitts are not. Hold out your hand, Ellen, for a mould.

Then Bell fitted and pulled, and at last made a very pretty pair of long, fingerless mitts from a little piece of black ground lace — the seam came on the inside of the hand and arm — edged top and bottom with a scrap of black lace, which she had owned for years, and which she had often said was just too short for anything.

A tiny side plaiting peeped out from under the scalloped edge of the jacket; and when the skirt was on and the sash and jacket — which took a soft creamy hue from the silesia — and the bonnet was on her pretty head, and the mitts were on her pretty hands, and her fresh boots were on her pretty feet, no one could have helped saying that Bell was stylishly and becomingly dressed.

"Oh, dear," said Ellen, "you know how to do everything and anything — I believe I'll start up and try."

"Well, who would have dreamed that my little capital of two dollars would have brought in such a return?" said Bell, a week or two after the reception, at which she was introduced to the artist's wife from Paris, and had a long talk with her, and where the delightful author she had so longed to see brought her refreshments, and actually sat down and entertained

The Good Fairy "Know How."

her between his mouthfuls of ice-cream and cake!

"Oh, don't call it a return on a two dollar capital," said aunt Martha; "it is the interest on knowing how to do things, which it took you years to learn how to do well, and which cannot be estimated by dollars."

"Why, I've more work than I can do in a month," said Bell, "and it will bring in — fifteen, and ten, and twenty-five and five are thirty, and ten are forty dollars. A toilette-set to paint, two screens, two sashes, and ribbons and a muslin dress for the artist's wife! She is coming on Tuesday to look at my studies, and choose the flowers — I'll make her dress a beauty. Mrs. Eldridge has managed all this. I'll remember her kindness. She is going to make a silk down quilt for a gift, and she says she shall get me to paint the silk, instead of spending her time on a 'log-cabin'."

So it happened that aunt Martha did not have to wear her faded striped silk that summer, but appeared in a handsome Hernani, and a black lace bonnet with a wreath of little acorns across the front, shaded from yellow to a deep, golden brown.

Bell made the wreath herself. She painted each acorn and slipped it from the cup, through which she ran a fine wire for a stem, and then with a drop of glue firmly replaced it. The wires were wound round little natural twigs.

The Good Fairy "Know How."

"That lady with the white puffs, in front of us, had on an imported bonnet," said a city lady who was boarding in town, to her friend as they passed out of church. Bell opened her eyes at aunt Martha. That lady smiled.

"They don't know I've a fairy niece named 'Know How,'" said she.

JIM'S TROUBLES.



"I KNOW he didn't do it," said good Mrs. Martin; "he says he didn't do it, and I believe him."

"Then you don't believe *me*?" asked Mrs. Turner rather severely. "I wish I had never seen that boy! I'm sure

I have done my best by him, and been a mother to him. And now he's turned out bad, everybody blames me for it. Father says, if he has done it, it is my fault for tempting him; Nelly has nearly cried her eyes out about it; and everybody seems to

Jim's Troubles.

think it is more wicked to loose a spoon than to steal it—I declare they do.”

“ Well, he’s been a good, honest boy ever since he came here — a real nice, obliging, pleasant spoken little fellow ; and it stands to reason a good boy don’t turn bad all in a jerk like that,” said Mrs. Martin, shaking her head.

“ I don’t know about jerks,” answered Mrs. Turner, “ but I do know that, as soon as I had done cleaning that spoon, I put it back in the case, and as I was a-going to put it away, Jim comes in to get a pail, and says he, ‘ ain’t it a pretty little box ! ’ and says I : ‘ yes, but what’s in it is prettier. ’ Then I smelt my bread a-burning, and I put down the case right here,” said Mrs. Turner striking the corner of her kitchen table, “ and I ran to see to my bread. and when I came back Jim was gone, and my spoon was gone too. And I don’t suppose it walked off itself—do you ? ”

“ Of course it didn’t,” said Mrs. Martin ; “ but some one else might have come in, or it may be somewhere ” —

“ I’d like to know where that somewhere is, then,” said Mrs. Turner ; “ I have looked high and low and turned the house upside-down for a week, and I haven’t seen any spoon yet. And nobody could

Jim's Troubles.

come in without my seeing them because the front door was locked and so was the kitchen door, and anybody who came in or went out had to go through



OPINIONS DIFFER RESPECTING JIM.

the back kitchen where I was. I saw Jim go out with his pail, but I didn't suspect anything then — why should I? And it isn't the spoon I mind so much, it's the trouble, and the idea of that boy that had been treated like one of the family — but I won't say anymore about it. I'll send him back to New York, and " —

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"No, don't do that! I guess I'll take him," said Mrs. Martin. "He hasn't any home to go to, and if you send him back, there's no telling what will become of him. Where is he?"

"I guess he is sulking about the place somewhere," said Mrs. Turner. "He said he hadn't done it, and now he won't say another word. I'll call him if you really want him."

Mrs. Martin said she really wanted him, and Mrs. Turner, stepping out on the kitchen porch, called out, "Jim, Jim!"

There was no answer, but pretty soon a boy walked across the yard toward the house, and stopped near the porch.

He was a boy about twelve years old, tall of his age and rather thin, and with a round, honest face, which looked very pleasant when he was happy, but which was at that moment very much clouded.

"I'll speak to him by myself, if you don't mind," said Mrs. Martin, shutting the door and seating herself on the porch step.

"Come here, my boy," said she kindly, while her homely face looked almost beautiful with goodness. "I don't believe you are a bad boy; I think it's all a mistake, and it will come out all right some day. I

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am going to take you home with me, if you will come."

Jim's brown eyes brightened, but he answered, not very gratefully, "Thank you, but I'd better go away from here—they all believe I took it."

"No, they don't; I don't for one. You had better stay and behave like a good, honest lad, and I'll be a true friend to you. Besides, we mustn't run away from our troubles! you know they are sent to make us good and strong, don't you see, my boy?"

Having finished her little sermon, Mrs. Martin got up and gave Jim a motherly hug and a kiss. And poor Jim "broke down" as he would have called it. But it was a breaking down that did him a world of good, and made a new boy of him.

"There, there," said Mrs. Martin, "now go and get your things, and we will go home."

Jim went up-stairs quietly to the little attic room that had been his own for two years. He made a small bundle of his old clothes. He wouldn't take the new ones. "They was my friends when they got them for me," he said to himself, "but now they ain't my friends any more, and them clothes don't belong to me now."

Jim's grammar was not perfect, but he meant well, and in his heart he was very sorry to leave the

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friends who had been so kind to him during two happy years.

As he turned to go down-stairs, he heard a noise in the hall, not far from him, and he saw Nellie Turner who seemed to be waiting for him. "Oh! Jim," she said, and could not say more, because she began to cry.

Poor little Nelly had been breaking her heart about Jim's trouble. She was a nice little girl ten years old, with bright yellow curls, pink cheeks, and blue eyes; but now the pink of her cheeks had run into her eyes, and she did not look as pretty as usual. But Jim thought she was beautiful, and her red eyes were a great comfort to him.

At last he spoke, "Good-by, Nelly; I am going away."

"I know it," said Nelly, "but, Jim, I don't believe you are bad, and you will be good, won't you?"

"Yes, I will," said Jim. Then he left Nelly crying on the stairs, and went quickly to the porch where Mrs. Martin was waiting for him.

"Well, good-by, Jim," said Mrs. Turner. "I hope you'll be a good boy. Remember I have been kind to you."

"Yes'm, thank you," said Jim, rather coldly. He

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wanted to see "Father," but Mr. Turner had taken himself out of the way.

While Mrs. Martin was walking home with her little friend, and talking to him to cheer him up, they heard something running after them, and Jim said, "Here is Spot, what shall I do? I am afraid I can't make him go back."

"Well, we'll take him home, too," said Mrs. Martin. "I like dogs, they are such faithful friends; they don't care if people are pretty or ugly, rich or poor, good or bad, they just love them, and stick to them. Yes, we will take Spot, and make him happy."

This remark made two people very happy. Jim brightened up, and laughed; and Spot, who had kept his tail between his legs in a most respectful and entreating manner, now began to wag it joyfully, and showed his love by nearly knocking down Mrs. Martin, to let her know that he understood what she had said, and approved of it.

Spot had been given to Jim by one of his school-mates, and Jim was very proud of his only piece of personal property. Spot was a white dog with a great many black spots all over him, and he was not exactly a beauty, but he was the best, lovingest, naughtiest, and most ridiculous young dog that ever

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adorned this world. He was always stealing bones, and old boots and shoes, and burying them in secret places as if they had been treasures, and no one had the heart to scold him much, because he looked so repentant and as if he would never, no never, do it again as long as he lived.

Since the silver spoon had disappeared, Spot had been very unhappy ; people seemed to give him all the benefit of their disturbed tempers. Mrs. Turner spoke crossly to him, and would not let him stay in the kitchen ; Mr. Turner had slyly kicked him several times ; Nelly cried over him when he wanted to play, and Jim only patted his head, and said, "poor Spot, poor Spot !" by which he meant, "poor Jim, poor Jim !" But now Spot felt that a good time was coming, and he rejoiced beforehand, like a sensible dog.

And, in truth, a pretty good time did come. Jim was not entirely happy, because he could not prove his innocence, but he found that no one had been told of his supposed guilt.

Mrs. Turner had not said a word about her missing spoon to any one. "I will give him another chance to begin right," she had said to her husband. And Mr. Turner had replied, "I don't believe he took it

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any more than I did ; so what's the good of making a fuss about nothing ? ”

No fuss had been made ; but Mrs. Turner had said to her little daughter, when she started for school the morning after Jim's departure, “Nelly, you must be careful not to say a single word to anybody about Jim. But I don't want you to ask him to come here, and it's just as well for you not to play with him much.”

“It is too bad,” said Nelly. But she was an obedient little girl, and the first time Jim came to school, when she saw that he hardly dared to look at her she thought that it would be better to tell him the truth.

So at recess she called him, and asked him to go with her on the road, where no one would hear them ; then she said :

“Jim, I want to tell you something. Mamma told me I must not ask you to come to the farm any more, and that I must not play with you much, and so I won't do it. But I like you just the same, and I will give you an apple every day to say we are friends.”

Nelly was as good as her word. Every morning, at recess, she gave Jim a small red and yellow “lady-apple,” which she had rubbed hard to make it shine,



"I LIKE YOU JUST THE SAME! I LIKE YOU JUST THE SAME!"

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and which was one of the two apples her father gave her when she went to school ; and the " lady-apples " were all kept for her, because she said they were so good and so pretty — " just like my little girl," Mr. Turner said.

And what do you suppose Jim did with his apples ?

Eat them. No, not he !

Every time Nelly gave him an apple, he put it in his pocket and took it home. Then in the evening before going to bed, he made a hole in it — the apple, not in the bed — and strung it on a piece of twine which hung from a nail in the window sash in his little room.

The poor apples got brown, and wrinkled, and dry, but they were very precious to Jim, but every one of them said to him, as plain as an apple can speak : " I like you just the same."

And so the winter passed away quietly. Mrs. Martin became very fond of Jim ; she said he was so smart and so handy about the house she didn't know what she would do without him, and she didn't think boys were any trouble at all.

But, alas, how little we know what may happen !

Spring had come, and house-cleaning had come with it. Mrs. Martin had a nice " best-room "

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which she never used except for half an hour on Sunday afternoons during the summer, and which was always as clean as clean can be. But in spring, it had to be made cleaner, if possible; summer could not come till that was done.

So the carpet was taken up, shaken, and put down again, and as Jim had helped in the shaking, Mrs. Martin kindly invited him to come in, and admire the room.

"What a pretty room it is!" said Jim; "why don't you live in it?"

"Because it would wear out the carpet, and it is more comfortable in the sitting-room;" answered Mrs. Martin. Then she showed him a few books, boxes, and other works of art which were spread out on the big round table, and Jim admired everything.

Among Mrs. Martin's treasures, there was a brown morocco "Keepsake," containing a pair of scissors, a silver thimble, and a needle-case. It had belonged to Mrs. Martin's little daughter who had died several years before, and when Mrs. Martin went into the best-room on Sunday afternoons she always opened the "Keepsake," and thought of the little hands that had played with it, long ago. And now as a reward of merit, she showed it to Jim.

"It is the prettiest thing I ever saw!" said Jim;

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"when I am rich I will give Nellie Turner one just like it."

"She will have to wait some time, I guess," said Mrs. Martin, laughing.

Then they looked at the pictures of George Washington shaking hands with nobody, and of his wife, looking very sweet and handsome.

"You are so great at stringing up things, Jimmy," said Mrs. Martin with a funny look, "I want you to hang up these pictures for me, will you?"

"I will," said Jim, blushing a little as he thought of his string of apples; "I will do it next Saturday."

Jim kept his promise. The pictures were hung in the best light and made the room look so much prettier, that even Spot, who had been a silent observer, could keep still no longer, and barked his approbation. Then the blinds and windows were closed, the door locked, and the best-room was left to quiet and darkness.

The next day being Sunday, Mrs. Martin paid her usual afternoon visit to the best-room. She admired the pictures a little while, then she went to the round table to take up the Keepsake; but the Keepsake was not there.

She looked all over the table and under it, be-

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hind every chair and in every corner, but she did not find it. "I wonder where it can be? Perhaps I took it to the sitting-room without thinking," said Mrs. Martin to herself.

She went back to the sitting-room and looked everywhere, but found no Keepsake. Then she sat down in her rocking-chair and tried to think about something else, but could only say to herself: "I wonder where it is!"

Jim came into the room with a new Sunday-school book, which he began to read. Mrs. Martin looked at him while he read, but for some reason she did not say anything to him about the Keepsake.

The next morning she put off her washing, and as soon as Jim had gone to school she began to search the whole house; but no Keepsake did she find.

"It can't be, it can't be," she said with tears in her eyes; "but I *must* look in his room — perhaps he took it up to look at — he said it was so pretty."

Mrs. Martin went up to Jim's room, but found nothing there except his clothes, the apples, and a few little treasures such as boys have.

Then she fell on her knees by Jim's bed, and cried with all her heart. "No, I won't believe it till I have to," she said at last. "Poor boy; it's hard on him and he has been so good, too! But I must speak

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to him about it, and if he has done wrong I must try to be patient with him."

When Jim came home from school in the afternoon, Mrs. Martin called him into the sitting-room. "Come here, Jim," she said; "I want to speak to you."

She had said it very kindly, but there was something in her voice that made Jim feel a little queer.

He came in and stood before her, and she said to him: "Jim do you know what has become of that pretty Keepsake I showed you the other day? I can't find it anywhere, and I have looked and looked."

"No," said Jim boldly, "I haven't seen it since. I hope it isn't lost." Then he stopped, and his face blushed crimson. There was something in Mrs. Martin's eyes, as well as in her voice, that reminded him of his trouble about the silver-spoon.

"Oh! you don't think" — he cried out.

But he could say no more — Mrs. Martin had him in her arms the next moment.

"No, I *don't* think," she said, "I don't, my boy! not for the world I wouldn't! only I can't find it, and — and —"

"Let me look for it," said Jim.

They looked again together, but with no success.

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That night there were two heavy hearts in the quiet little house, and the next morning there were two pair of red eyes at the breakfast table.

"You must not grieve so, Jim," said Mrs. Martin. "I hope it will all come out right; we must try to bear it well, and go to work as if nothing had happened."

But she could not follow her own advice, and the washing remained undone.

Jim did not go to school, and spent his time looking everywhere in the orchard and in the garden, while Spot followed him, wondering what was the matter.

No one had any appetite for dinner, and after trying in vain to eat a potato, Jim went up to his room.

Mrs. Martin tried to sit still, and sew, but she could not bear it long; and when she heard the children coming from school, she went to the gate to look at them; they were so happy that it seemed to do her good.

"Is Jimmy sick?" asked little Nelly, stopping on her way.

"No," said Mrs. Martin; "but he's been busy, and couldn't go to school."

Nelly wanted to send him a nice russet apple she

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had kept for him, but she did not quite dare to do it because Mrs. Martin looked so sober.

Jim heard her voice from his room, but he did not dare to show himself. "She won't like me just the same when she hears of this," he thought; and he felt as if he had not a friend in the world. "I would give my head to find that thing," he said; "she don't believe I took it, but she believes it too; I shall have to go away from here, and I don't care what becomes of me, anyway."

Mrs. Martin stood at the gate a little while watching the children, then she went to the garden to look at her hot-beds — two large pine boxes in which lettuce, radishes, and tomatoes were doing their best to grow fast and green.

When she came near the beds, she saw Spot stretched on the ground, enjoying an old bone, as she thought.

"This won't do, Spot," she said; "I don't want you to bring your bones here. Go away!"

Spot did not seem to mind her at all, so she came a little nearer to make a personal impression upon him with the toe of her shoe.

Spot growled, and turned away his head a little, and as he did so, a little silver thimble fell out of the old bone and rolled upon the ground.

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"My Keepsake!" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. And, as she said afterward, she was so taken by surprise you could have knocked her down with a feather.

She waited half a minute to get her breath when she picked up the thimble and ran toward the house! calling with all her might: "Jim, Jim, here it is, here, come!"

Jim never remembered how he got down-stairs, but there he was staring at the thimble, and so happy that he couldn't even begin to say a word.

Mrs. Martin was just explaining to him: "you see it was Spot, and the bone, and the thimble fell out of it, and I knew it was not you" — when they heard a big voice calling from the road: "Jim, Jim, come out here quick!"

They looked round, and saw farmer Turner running as fast as such a fat man could run, and waving something shiny over his head.

"Here it is!" he said, "here is that blessed spoon! I was a-plowing in a corner of the orchard, when I turned up a soft stone made of red morocco. with a silver spoon in it. Didn't I tell you so? I never believed it. Hallo! what's the matter?"

The matter was a most wonderful scramble. Mrs. Turner and little Nelly had run across lots, and here they were, talking, and laughing, and crying. Every-

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body hugged everybody else, and everybody was so glad she was so sorry, or so sorry she was so glad — farmer Turner vowed he couldn't tell which it was most.

At last they made out that they were all very glad, and Mrs. Martin invited them all to stay to tea. They accepted the invitation, and such a tea-party never took place anywhere — not even in Boston — for the company had joy as well as hot biscuits, and happiness as well as cake.

Spot was scolded and forgiven, and wagged his tail so hard that it is a wonder it didn't come off.

As for Jim, he got kisses enough that evening to last him for a lifetime.

This is the true end to a true story, but not the last end by any means.

For Jim is now a "boy" twenty-one years old, and Nelly "likes him just the same," only a great deal more.

